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JOHNSON'S JOURNEY OVERLAND FROM INDIA.

From the London Literary Gazette, July, 1818.

COL. JOHNSON'S JOURNEY OVERLAND FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND IN 1817. 4to. WITH PLATES.

ANY prefatory remarks would only taking up on his way a little child to detain our readers from the enter- adjust the equilibrium. From the sight tainment which this Journey offers, and of an Arab bagpiper, Colonel Johnson as our opinion of its agreeable qualities supports the hypothesis, that this instru- may be gathered from the extracts as we ment originated in the East, and found proceed, we shall not stop for even one its way to the Highlands of Scotland introductory observation. Colonel through the channels of Greece and Johnson, accompanied by Captain Sal- Rome. There are some Armenian- ter, having determined to return to Eng- families of great wealth in Bushire. A land by an overland route, instead of a christening at one of their principal sea voyage, left Bombay for Bushire in merchants is thus described :— the Gulf of Persia, in a large merchant “Near the door of the women's vessel, about the middle of the month of apartment stands the priest in his robes. February 1817. They touched at He reads prayers for fifteen minutes Muscat, where immense multitudes of a over the child, which, laid on bedding, is small fish, like Sardinias, are caught by held by the godfather. (There is no god- throwing a net over the spot where they mother, even at the christening of a girl, are observed, “and as soon as sufficient the wife of the godfather being consid- time has elapsed for the net to descend ered as holding that distinction.) The below the shoal of fish, one of the fish- godfather repeats many short sentences, ers, nearly naked, dives to the bottom dictated by the priest, as the name of the net, which he collects together in the child, his promises as sponsor, &c. his arms. He then pulls a string con- 2dly. The child is removed into the nected with the net, which is gently women's apartment, the door is shut, drawn up, the diver ascending with it.” and a prayer is read by the priest out- These divers remain from seventy to a side, holding the handle of the lock : hundred seconds under water. the door is then opened, and the priest,

At Bushire, the Arabs are a strong, his assistant, a clerk, and the godfather, thickset, and muscular race. One par- enter ; a large basin is placed at the ta- ticular man carried upon his back a full ble, with four candles round it ; in a pipe of Madeira ; and, at another time, niche above the table is a golden cruci- 700 lb. of rice, in bags, for two miles, fix, studded with seven large precious

stones, and there is a long glass vessel with sanctified oil. The priest prays over the basin; then the assistant puts water into it, first hot, then cold, as required; he next immerses the crucifix in the basin of water, praying all the while, and his assistant responding. The godfather during this time holds the child flat on the bedding below him: a little of the sanctified oil is then added drop by drop to the water, during which process, the priest and his assistant chant, the crucifix being previously removed from the water. 3dly. The child, entirely naked, is taken up and put into the basin by the priest, who with his hands laves every part of the infant's body; it is then taken out and wrapped up. The priest pronounces the baptismal name and some prayers, which the godfather repeats after him, and takes up the glass of oil, praying all the while; then bringing it near the child, he dips his thumb in the vessel, and rubs oil first on the child's forehead, then behind each ear, subsequently on the chin, the eyes, mouth, and nose; then the breasts, the hands, the back, the abdomen, and the top of each foot, praying the whole time, and the clerk responding. 4thly. The child being dressed by the nurse in rich clothes, is given to the godfather, when the bishop comes in, invested in embroidered robes and a black silk hood over his head, and attended by two or three priests. The bishop places himself at the head of a procession formed of priests, two by two, followed by the officiating priest, next to whom is the godfather bearing the child; they pass in this order to the public apartment, where the females in their best dresses are assembled, sitting along three sides of the room on cushions placed near the walls. The mother, who is veiled, sits apart on cushions, as in state, on the other side. When the bishop enters the room, the ladies all rise and remain standing. The godfather places the child in the lap of the mother, who remains veiled as before. The bishop takes the book and reads a short prayer, to which responses are given by the other priests. During this concluding part of the ceremony, the officiating priest holds a prayer-

book in contact with the mother's head; when it is finished, the godfather bows to the company, and retires with the bishop and priests to another suite of apartments on the side of the house appropriated to the males, where a breakfast table is laid out for a numerous assembly."

Such is a rich Armenian baptism, of the ceremonies at which we do not remember to have read any account before. The ladies are not beautiful, though they have fine black eyes, eyebrows, and hair; but habitual seclusion renders them pale, and their very early marriages prematurely old.

On the road from Bushire to Shiraz, there are prodigious numbers of beggars in a state of the utmost destitution and wretchedness. The way is also infested by robbers, but our countrymen passed in safety. While at Kauzeroon, about half way, they of course visited the celebrated Shapour; but as this place is so well described by M. Morier (whose second* Journey is, we observe, with much satisfaction, just published, and will speedily claim our attention) we shall very briefly dismiss the chief points relating to it in Colonel Johnson's narrative. Having with incredible fatigue attained the summit of the mountain which overhangs the valley where the sculptures are, he entered the cave and examined the fallen statue.† It is of white lime-stone, as hard and compact as marble: its extreme length from 16 to 20 feet. From the plate, it seems a curiously executed work, of an armed, bearded Jupiter-like giant, with a sort of mural crown upon his head. About 400 feet within this stupendous and terribly sublime cavern is a tank of water, surrounded by grotesque formations of stalactites shooting upwards from the base and downwards from the roof.

Shiraz did not strike our travellers, as they approached to it through the barren

* The account of the first journey thro' Persia, of this accomplished gentleman, published in 1812, is one of the most interesting books of travels we ever read, and from the little we have had time to peruse of the second, it seems to merit equal praise.—Ed.

† Mentioned by M. Morier but not examined by him.

waste in which it stands, to be superior to the second-rate towns of India. Internally, however, its bazar, its fine pottery of a yellowish tint, its confectionary, its enamelling on gold, and its excellent engraving, obtained their admiration. The petty Mountain Chiefs around talk freely of their independence, and a degree of anarchy prevails which threatens the dismemberment of this province, unless a beneficial change speedily takes place in the administration of the government. Near Shiraz is the tomb of Hafiz, and so sacred is the memory of the Poet held in Persia, that a volume containing his writings is opened for every visitor upon his tomb, and, like the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, the passage which first occurs is held to be prophetic of the fate of the enquirer. The tombstone is a large block of 'Tafriz marble of the nature of gypsum. The tomb of Saadi also claimed a visit.

"Here is a well so constructed as to afford a passage for persons to descend and bathe in it, having cells also in the sides for their accommodation. On some particular days it is believed to be very healthful for persons to immerge in these waters." - - - -

"The Persian sitting-rooms are all on the same plan, having walls on three sides, and the whole of the fourth consisting of windows of painted glass in exceedingly small panes, so disposed as to represent different figures."

Their pictures are scarcely to be mentioned as works of art, and, with the exception of the carpets and some embroidery, there is little of magnificence in their furniture.

Of the dreadfully insecure tenure of life and property in Persia, two fearful examples are given, with which we shall conclude our present notice of Colonel Johnson's travels in that country. They are of recent date.

"Hajee Ibrahim, prime minister and supporter of Aga Mahomed Khaun (in fact he raised him from the rank of Khood Khoda to the throne,) and pre-

mier also of the present sovereign, Futteh Ally Shah, had a son named Meerza Mahomed Khaun, who, about nineteen years ago, began, at his own expence, to repair and rebuild the tomb of a saint, Shah Cheraukh, in this city (Shiraz). His present Majesty wishing to rid the country of Hajee Ibrahim, and at the same time to prevent the insurrection of any one of his family, at one blow carried his project into execution in the following manner. He first caused Hajee Ibrahim's tongue to be cut out, and then his eyes; he then ordered his two sons, who were governors of districts, one at Hamadan, and the other the person already mentioned, to be put to death on the same day; in order that, previously to putting his minister to death, he might be certain that all his family were destroyed; and he only waited the intelligence of their death, that he might give Hajee Ibrahim the *coup de grace*. These arrangements, from the commencement of Hajee Ibrahim's confinement, took up nearly one month in their completion; when, finding that no resistance was to be apprehended, he ordered his blinded minister to be hanged. Hossein Ally Meerza, the present Prince of Shiraz, was only seven years of age, and of course acted under the direction of his minister, Cherauk Ally Khaun. He invited Meerza Mahomed Khaun to dine with him: more than usual attention was paid to the unsuspecting guest, who was engaged to play with the Prince at backgammon. In the course of their diversion, the Prince took occasion to withdraw to another apartment, when his people seized Meerza Mahomed Khaun and put him to death. All his wealth was, of course, seized. The Saint's tomb, which he had begun to rebuild, remains unfinished to this day; all the rich people fearing to undertake its completion, lest they should share his fate."

What can be expected from sovereigns, whose education as princes is of this treacherous and bloody kind?

CORNUCOPIA.

From the London Monthly Magazines, &c. 1818.

MATURIN,

THE author of '*Bertram*,' and '*Women, pour et contre*,' is no stranger to the public. He is a singular and a powerful writer, loving, in his sketches of human nature, to dwell on those peculiar portions which under inferior hands might seem repulsive and deformed, but which to a man of genius offer the noblest as well as the deepest means and excitements of strong thought and overwhelming description. He has conceptions of great sweetness mingled with the stern picturings, great richness of imagery, great mastery of picturesque language; but his charm is in the solemn and the fearful, if his cup is chased and fretted with gorgeous devises, and glittering with rubies and gold, the draught within is of subtle and dread enchantment; his muse is less the *Proserpine* gathering flowers and sporting in her young loveliness thro' the vale of Enna, than the *Proserpine* already the queen of a lower realm, not forfeiting her beauty or her brightness, but shining out in her sovereign pomp among shadows and sights of fear, the secrets of the world of gloom, and the sufferings of hearts stripped only as before the last tribunal.—*Lit. Gaz.* July 1818.

FEMALE WRITERS.

Miss Edgeworth and lady Morgan are the two British females whose superiority above the rest, the public appear willing to admit, but about whose comparative merits they are still divided. For our own parts, since the publication of *O'Donnell*, we have never felt a doubt on the subject. The interest of that tale, the accurate delineation of high life, the strength of its elevated characters, and the humour of its humble, place it, we think, above any which Miss Edgeworth has hitherto produced. At the same time we freely confess, that Miss Edgeworth's works are far superior to the other works of Lady Morgan.

Miss Edgeworth entered into the career of authorship with a taste perfectly matured, and sedulously cultivated. Lady Morgan on the contrary, plunged her pen in ink, rashly, prematurely, and enthusiastically. The former appeared to pique herself upon elegance, refinement, classicality, and the ambition of depicting manners as they are. The latter, too volatile to be judicious, too sentimental to be rational, and too brilliant to be discreet, poured forth inflated rhapsodies in incorrect and redundant phraseology, and portrayed beings, such as were never seen before, yet interesting even amidst all their follies. Miss Edgeworth's amiable characters, if found in real life, would have been thought cold pedants; Lady Morgan's would have been considered delightful oddities. The one, we might have admired, but could not love; the other, we might have loved, but could scarcely admire. In Miss Edgeworth, we are struck with the light wit and humour, and the safe, though not profound or original maxims, which are scattered through her pages. In Lady Morgan, we meet a less refined, but much more forcible vein of mirth, and if not so many dictatorial apothegms, much more feeling, much more philosophy, and much more native sentiment. We always suspect Miss Edgeworth of having hoarded up sententious sayings in her commonplace book, gleaned from scarce books, or from casual conversation; and on the other hand, we are inclined to suspect, that Lady Morgan is rather too anxious to produce an original, than a just observation. On the whole, the former lady writes evidently more from her head than from her heart, and the latter more from her heart than from her head. We are clearly of opinion too, that Lady Morgan has been endowed by nature with a far greater portion of genius than Miss Edgeworth, but that Miss Edgeworth has derived

from a systematic education, more taste and propriety, both in the mode of modelling her works and in the subsequent execution of their minute parts.

Ib.

GODEVA, COUNTESS OF MERCIA.

The cause which prompted this beautiful and patriotic female to procure to the people of Coventry an enfranchisement by the strange manner in which she rode through the town, must have been equal to the deed—desperate and unheard of. Long had Leofric, her arbitrary husband, resisted all her pleading in behalf of the citizens, on account of the profits he gained by oppressing them. At length he resolved, as he thought, forever to silence her by the strange proposal; which is well known, and is also as authentically known and recorded, that she acceded to: happy in a profuse and long head of hair, she rode, decently covered from her head to her feet only by her lovely tresses. The history of this event was preserved in a picture in the reign of Richard II. in which were portrayed the Earl and the Countess: he holds in his hand a charter of freedom, and thus seems to address his lady—

"I, Leofric, for love of thee,
"Doe make Coventrie toll free."

To this day the love of Godeva to the city is annually remembered by a procession, and a valiant *fair one* still rides, though not literally like the good Countess, but in flesh-coloured silk, closely fitted to her shape and limbs.

La B. As. May 1818.

LORD BYRON.

The poems of Lord Byron, which their admirers (and who does not admire them?) have classed with the noblest productions of native genius, having triumphantly passed the critical ordeal imposed by Scotch and English Reviewers, seem likely to encounter the insidious attacks of those ingenious gentleman, who, finding similar expressions in different authors, immediately conclude that they have discovered most palpable plagiarism; and proceed, without remorse, to impale

their victim in the column of a review, a magazine, or a newspaper.

A variety of passages in Lord Byron's poems have been pronounced imitations: one in *Lara* is said to be pilfered from the *Mysteries of Udolpho*:—

"Lara's brow upon the instant grew
Almost to blackness, with its demon hue."

If the idea proposed to the imagination in these lines be really borrowed, the obligation is not great: but common justice may induce us to believe that the thought sprung from the subject; and, as far as regards Lord Byron, is original.

An idea, however, is to be found in Mrs. Radcliffe's novel, which may fairly lead us to question the originality of the noblest passage in one of the noblest productions of our patrician bard. In "*the Giaour*," the following exquisitely beautiful simile occurs,—

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there;
The fix'd, yet tender, traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek;
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now;
And, but for that chill and changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart;
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon:
Yes,—but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look, by death reveal'd!

Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece! but living Greece no more:
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath:
But beauty, with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb;
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,—
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!

Spark of that flame,—perchance of heavenly birth,—
Which gleams,—but warms no more its cherish'd earth."

In "*the Mysteries of Udolpho*," (vol. ii. page 29,) we have the subjoined re-

mark:—"Beyond Milan, the country wore the aspect of a ruder devastation; and, though every thing seemed now quiet, the repose was like that of death, spread over features, which retain the impression of the last convulsions."

Now, under all the circumstances, it is hardly possible to withstand the conclusion, that this served Lord Byron as a text to the lines quoted above. When it is considered that the idea intended to be conveyed, both in the poem and in the novel, is a most extraordinary one,—the delicacy and beauty of which can only be appreciated by a very excursive imagination, an idea not naturally suggested by the subject, and unlikely to occur to more than one mind,—it will appear that the poet is, to a certain extent, a copyist. The thought is wonderfully improved; but still it is borrowed. The daring of the bard's imagination is truly sublime: but the wings with which he soared, in this instance, are not his own. He has tinted them with the hues of heaven, and gilt them with its sun-beams: but the fancy of another first expanded them.

Mon. Mag. Aug. 1818.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

Of this justly celebrated woman the principal object seems to have been to raise powerful emotions of surprise, awe, and especially terror, by means and agents apparently supernatural. To effect this, she places her characters and transports her readers, amid scenes which are calculated strongly to excite the mind, and to predispose it for spectral illusion: Gothic castles, gloomy abbeys, subterraneous passages, the haunts of banditti, the sobbing of the wind, and the howling of the storm, are all employed for this purpose; and, in order that these may have their full effect, the principal character in her romances is always a lovely and unprotected female, encompassed with snares, and surrounded by villains. But that in which her works chiefly differ from those by which they are preceded is, that in the *Castle of Otranto* and *Old English Baron* the machinery is in fact supernatural; whereas the agents employed by Mrs. Radcliffe are in reality human,

and such as can be, or, at least, are professed to be explained by natural events. By these means she certainly excites a very powerful interest, as the reader meanwhile experiences the full impression of the wonderful and terrific appearances; but there is one defect which attends this mode of composition, and which seems indeed to be inseparable from it. As it is the intention of the author, that the mysteries should be afterwards cleared up, they are all mountains in labour; and even when she is successful in explaining the marvellous circumstances which have occurred, we feel disappointed that we should have been so agitated by trifles. But the truth is, they never are properly explained; and the author, in order to raise strong emotions of fear and horror in the body of the work, is tempted to go lengths, to account for which the subsequent explanations seem utterly inadequate. Thus, for example, after all the wonder and dismay, and terror and expectation, excited by the mysterious chamber in the castle of Udolpho, how much are we disappointed and disgusted to find that all this pother has been raised by a waxen statue. In short, we may say not only of Mrs. Radcliffe's castles, but of her works in general, that they abound "in passages that lead to nothing."

In the writings of this author there is a considerable degree of uniformity and mannerism, which is perhaps the case with all the productions of a strong and original genius. Her heroines too nearly resemble each other, or rather they possess hardly any shade of difference. They have blue eyes and auburn hair—the form of each of them has "the airy lightness of a nymph"—they are all fond of watching the setting sun, and catching the purple tints of evening, and the vivid glow or fading splendor of the western horizon. Unfortunately they are all likewise early risers. I say unfortunately, for in every exigency Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines are provided with a pencil and paper, and the sun is never allowed to rise nor set in peace. Like *Tilburnia* in the play, they are "inconsolable to the minuet in *Ariadne*," and in the most distressing

circumstances find time to compose sonnets to sun-rise, the bat, a sea-nymph, a lily, or a butterfly.—*His. Fic.*

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

INITIATION OF A NUN.

Messina.

‘I went this morning to the convent of St. Gregorio to see a young lady take the veil; a ceremony worth seeing; heard high mass and very fine music. On such occasions the friends invite the principal nobility and gentry to the ceremony, and I had my invitation. We all first assembled in a room, where the novice conversed with every one; chocolate, coffee, and cakes were handed about. After spending a full hour we went into the church—the ladies and gentlemen all in full dress; the church illuminated: the lady to take the veil sat behind the grating, which was now open, so that she appeared in front, very close, like a singer in the front of an orchestra.—After high mass, she and her sisters (for she has two in the convent, but who will not become nuns) sang: she then took up the scissors, and made the signal of cutting to her acquaintance, laughing, and seeming very gay: she is certainly either very superstitious, or she acted her part admirably: her mother assured me she did all in her power to prevent her becoming a nun, but to no purpose: she was most splendidly dressed, as if for court, and had a profusion of diamonds; for, on these occasions, they are lent by all the relations and friends. After the blasphemous song of “*Oh! Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ, come and marry me,*” a priest got into the pulpit, and preached a sermon: a grand concert of church music succeeded, during which she was taking up the scissors, and making significant signs, when the chief priest and lady abbess came and cut off her fine hair: she then began to undress, throwing into a large dish the worldly follies of dress; the diamonds, earrings, bracelets, &c. &c. all were tossed away with disdain: after which she went out, and returned in ten minutes, completely metamorphosed, in the dress of the order—a gloomy black, and very badly made: the company with-

drew to the room we first assembled in; her friends and the ladies were all presented, and kissed her; strangers bowed; I conversed with her, and advised her to *repent*.

The rule is this:—After the noviciate, they take the white veil, as above; and this day she spends with her family: at night she returns to the convent, and no one can see her for a month, after which she may come to the grate like the others; at the end of one year, she may take the black veil, which is a fatal vow never to be reversed; or, rather, she then takes the vows: but, if she chooses, she may ask another year, and even a third, at the end of which she must declare her intention finally. They say there is no force; but there is the same thing. These poor girls are educated for it, and their minds warped and perverted for the purpose. I advised her to renounce at the end of the year; she, however, smiled, and said her resolution was taken. These ceremonies, when public, like this, are expensive, and defrayed by the family. Every person, of any distinction, in Messina, attended on the occasion, as this lady was the daughter of the grand judge. The ceremony ended with a discharge of guns and pattereroes.

The black veil is a more singular ceremony, as I am told, and more expensive. On this occasion, the nun, being married to Jesus Christ, renounces the world for ever; and in testimony thereof is put into a coffin surrounded with lighted candles, and ends with three vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity.—*La Belle, May 1818.*

ANECDOTE OF LORD LIGONIER.

When his Lordship was ambassador in Spain, in the reign of Charles III. a morning was appointed for him to attend the levee of the present Charles IV. then Prince of the Asturias. As he entered the anti-chamber, he saw several of the *grandees* coming out of the Chamber of Audience full dressed, and walking gravely by, with each a *fool's cap upon his head*. Struck with the sight, he asked what the meaning of it was? To which the Spanish minister, who conducted him, replied, it was

merely a fancy of the Prince, who kept a great number of these caps in his apartment, one of which he always put upon the head of the person who had been with him. Lord Ligonier then inquired, whether it were likely such a favour would be conferred on him; "because," added he, "the King, my master, whom I represent, would be far from pleased, were I to submit to such an indignity!" Upon this, the Spanish minister promised that he would endeavour to obviate this part of the ceremony of introduction; and accordingly went in to consult the Prince on the subject, but returned with the answer that Lord Ligonier must submit to be crowned, like the other visitors of his Royal Highness. "Then," said Lord L. "I present my respects to H.R. H. and wish him a good morning." "Nay, nay," replied the Spaniard, 'stay a little, and I will step in again to the Prince.' He did so, and again returning, assured Lord L. that he might now venture into the presence chamber, without any apprehension of the compliment being paid him. Lord L. went in accordingly, and was received most graciously by the Prince, who conversed with him, for a long time, with the greatest affability. It did not escape Lord L.'s observation, however, that the Prince stood with his back to the fire-place, having one hand behind him; and he therefore conceived that it was not impossible a trick might be played him at last. He consequently kept a sharp look-out, and watched every motion of H. R. Highness. The suspicion was not without foundation. Approaching to take his leave, he made a very low bow, keeping his eye still upon the Prince's hand; and at the very moment when he was again raising his head, saw his H. R. H. produce the fool's cap, and lift it up for the purpose of covering him. Being, however, prepared for such a manœuvre, he struck the paper compliment out of the Prince's hand to the other end of the room, made another low bow, and retired.—*Lit. Gaz. June.*

HOGARTH.

Soon after the celebrated Hogarth set up a carriage, he had occasion to visit the Lord Mayor (Mr. Beckford.)

When he entered the Mansion-house, the weather was fine; but being detained some time, it rained heavy when he came out; and leaving the house by a different door to which he entered, he quite forgot his carriage, and immediately began to call for a hackney coach, but finding none on the neighbouring stands, he sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached Leicester Fields without bestowing a thought on the comforts of having a vehicle of his own, until Mrs. Hogarth, surprised to see him so wet and splashed, asked him where he had left it.—*Ibid.*

From the Literary Gazette.

Singular Description of the Hospital for the Insane at Aversa, in the Kingdom of Naples:

Extracted from the unpublished Journal of a Tour made in the year 1817.

Aversa was built by the valiant Normans, and cannot boast any honours derived from antiquity. It may be considered as new on this classic ground, where you find at every step Phenician, Greek, or Roman monuments; and where every corner of ground, every stone, attests to the foreign visitor the ancient glories of Italy.

Formerly the curious traveller could see every thing worth seeing by casting a look on the country round Aversa, which nature has loaded with her gifts; but now, this place induces him to turn aside from the road which leads him towards the majestic ruins of Capua, to contemplate the progress of philosophy and humanity, in a place where he would not suspect the smallest trace of them to exist: I allude to the Royal Hospital for the Insane.

I had heard this establishment spoken of with praise; but being accustomed to meet with exaggeration in the good as well as in the evil, which travellers relate of the countries they have visited, I resolved to see the place myself. At eight o'clock in the morning I went to Aversa. After having traversed a short path, we discovered this modest edifice in the midst of the most smiling country. The bell called the people of the neighbourhood to mass, which is daily attended by the unhappy patients in the

Hospital. The holy ceremonies were just beginning as we entered. A part of the church was filled with people from the town and neighbourhood. In the choir and the side seats were men of all ages and conditions, almost all dressed in a uniform manner; in the middle were some young grenadiers; and in the front a numerous military orchestra made the sacred roof re-echo with the most melodious sounds. Every thing inspired meditation and devotion. My guide said to me, "Those whom you see silent and devout at the foot of the altar, those who are in military uniform, and who pay homage with their arms to the God of armies, those who make the temple resound with their harmonious concert, are so many victims to that dreadful malady which deprives man of the use of his reason: even he whom you see penetrated with respect and fear, assisting the priest in the expiatory sacrifice, is himself one of those unfortunate beings." It is not easy to express the surprise I felt, and the emotion excited in my mind by this terrible and delicious contrast of the wretchedness and the grandeur of the human mind. Divine service was over, but the agitation of my mind still continued. My guide perceived it, took me by the hand, and conducted me into a passage which leads from the church to the interior of the house. It is here, said he, that the inhabitants of the place repair to their usual occupations.

At a certain signal they all assemble at a place destined for the muster of the morning. My surprise was increased on beholding, that as they arrived in the middle of a spacious court, they all ranged themselves in a line in the peristyle which runs round it. A profound silence prevailed when the Director of this establishment appeared. On seeing him, I observed the most melancholy rejoice, and yield to the sweetest emotions of the heart. I fancied myself in the bosom of a numerous family, assembled in the morning round a tender father who loves his children. The Director, passing through the ranks which they formed, listened to the recital of their sufferings, the wants, the grievances,

the dreams, the follies of each, and replied to all by words of peace and consolation. His words were like a talisman, which calmed their agitation, dispelled melancholy chagrin, and spread serenity and smiles on the most thoughtful and perturbed countenances. This kind of review being terminated, most of them went into the garden contiguous to the court. There several games were arranged, judiciously contrived to afford them a gentle and agreeable Gymnastic exercise, and to dissipate the gloomy thoughts in which they are habitually plunged.

While contemplating this kind of contest, I perceived that the presence of the spectators, and the natural desire of receiving the prize given to the victor, excited in their hearts a noble emulation. While many of the patients thus indulged in the pleasure of this wholesome recreation, others walked about in silence and avoided company; others declaimed aloud: here several of them were cultivating flowers; there, others stood immovable, and so plunged in deep reflection, that it seemed as if the fall of the edifice would not have roused them from it.

I had spent an hour in this manner, and was absorbed in the ideas which the sight inspired, when my guide invited my companion and myself to go to a high story. We ascended a magnificent staircase; at the top of which, an elegant vase, filled with fine perfume, diffused an agreeable odour through the whole building. On the right, two of our grenadiers stood sentinel before an arsenal of simulated arms. From curiosity, I put several questions to them, but could not obtain any answer, because they would have imagined they committed a great breach of discipline if they had broken silence.

We were then led into a large saloon neatly decorated, where we found several of the insane, who, like people in full possession of their reason, were passing their time agreeably in conversation, or in playing on the harpsicord and other instruments, singing pleasing songs, and hymns of gratitude in honour of the king, whose bust is set up

between the statues of Piety, and Wisdom, who place on his brow a crown offered him by the love of his subjects. In the adjoining apartments, some young men of distinguished birth, quietly amused themselves in playing billiards.

Astonished at the urbanity, the decorum, the tranquillity and the politeness, of this unfortunate family, a stranger could not help saying to my guide, "Where then are the insane?" "Wherever you turn your eyes," answered he. The peace, the regularity, the good temper, which you witness here, are the fruit of vigilance, of order, of a skilful combination of the different methods of promoting health, and of happy application of the means pointed out by medicine, moral philosophy, and a profound knowledge of the human mind.

In more than one kind of mental derangement, the difficult art of administering medicines, and, above all, that of prescribing the use of them, must occupy the first rank. Hospitals for the insane governed like places of confinement, or, like prisons, destined to secure dangerous patients who must be sequestered from society, are calculated but to multiply the kinds of victims whom they contain.

In this Hospital the ancient rigorous treatment of the patients has been happily replaced by tender and affectionate cares, by the admirable art of gaining the mind, and by a mild and pliant firmness. Experience has soon demonstrated the advantages of this system, and every body acknowledges that it was inspired, not by the blind empiricism of ill judged pity, but by profound knowledge and enlightened reflections on the cause of madness and the means of curing it.

[The writer here gives an account of two eminent physicians, who came to begin a series of Galvanic experiments, applied to certain species of madness very frequent in hospitals for the insane. After having chosen the patients, M. Ronchi, one of them, explained in an eloquent and concise manner the reasons which convinced him that the remedy seemed efficacious, and the hopes which might be conceived of it. Being wit-

nesses to these experiments, we had an opportunity, says the author, of observing the effect which the Galvanic electricity produced on several individuals, a statement of which will throw the greatest light on the obscure art of treating the infinite variety of mental aberrations.]

It struck twelve, and the experiments ceased, it being the hour of dinner. As we proceeded to the Refectory, the Chevalier Linguiti, the other physician, pointed out the dark chamber, the floor and walls of which are covered with mattresses to confine the maniacs when the fit of phrenzy is on them; and the beds, on which the patients are placed in such a manner, that (the circulation not being impeded) it is impossible for them to injure themselves or others. He likewise shewed us the strait waistcoats, which permit the insane to walk about at their ease, without being able to commit any excess; the apartment destined for the surprise bath; the theatre, where these unfortunate persons recreate themselves in representing musical pieces; and lastly, that of the puppets, where their minds are frequently diverted in a very beneficial manner.

I saw this whole family again assembled at table. Unhappily it was still too numerous, notwithstanding the frequent and daily cures which annually restore a great number of its members to the state, to their relations, to the arts, the sciences, and humanity. The bread, the wine, the meat, the soup, all the aliments, were wholesome, of good quality, well prepared, and well served up: tranquillity, order, silence, were every where observed; but it was then that I first became sensible in what kind of a place I was. The continual agitation of the insane, the motion of their muscles, which is not interrupted in their moments of rage, the animal heat which in many of them is much increased, the extraordinary energy of their strength, sometimes excite in them an extraordinary voracity; and it was such, in some of these unfortunate persons, that they devoured their food like ferocious beasts, appearing insatiable, whatever quantity the kind Director set before them. Their physiognomy,

their gestures, their secret murmurs, a moment without exciting the most which would cause them to be taken sorrowful reflections on the dreadful less for men than for brutes, evidently evils which assail humanity.

proved that in these moments they were Full of these gloomy reflections, I deprived of reason, and governed by left Aversa to be in the evening at Naples, intending to visit the next day the instinct alone. A melancholy and Royal Establishment for the Poor.

From the Literary Gazette, June, 1818.

ANECDOTES OF THE BUONAPARTES.

Concluded from p. 75.

NAPOLEON, on his side, appeared closely to adhere to all that his brother recommended; but, true to his natural character, he commenced by completely deceiving the senator; endeavouring to persuade the latter, that a sense of her own interests would induce Austria to second the enterprise; and that, moreover, he had already received an assurance, that both his wife and child would be sent to Paris in the event of its success. In threatening that power with a general rising of the Italians, headed by Murat, said Napoleon, Austria, rather than run the risk of losing her possessions there, would consent to withdraw from the coalition, if ever so well inclined to oppose his re-establishment. As the execution of this calamitous plan seemed practicable in Lucien's eyes, he left the success of it to the fortunes of his brother: so that, apparently, he had merely a secondary part to play in the grand political drama, which was about to throw the cause of European liberty back for so many years. It was Joseph who assumed the most active agency in maturing the plot. This crowned adventurer, tho' destitute alike of talents or vigour of character, contrived, in the rage of disappointed vanity, and stimulated by his love of gold, to lay the first part of the train which produced the final explosion in France. Having previously fixed his residence at the castle of Prangrin, in Switzerland, that place became the head quarters for those conspirators who were employed to conduct the correspondence thro' the south of France, particularly Lyons, Grenoble, Dijon, and even on to the capital. Agents from Elba, despatched by Napoleon himself, used fre-

quently to land on the coast of Provence, and proceed to Paris, without any molestation. The plot was, in fact, civil and military; as persons who had formerly filled the situation of ministers, old counsellors of state, commissaries, clerks, and women of abandoned character, composed the pivot on which the infernal machine was known to move, and constituted its principal support. *

***** It was not till the end of December that the generals, who had been initiated into the approaching catastrophe, began to hold their first meetings at Paris.

The plot was divided into two parts, that of Buonaparte's debarkation, and the insurrection of several garrisons in the northern departments, which were to march on the capital, and possess themselves of the royal family: this was to be effected by the aid of perfidy and treason, prepared with a degree of infamy altogether unworthy of the French character. The public is fully aware how amazingly the development of this scheme was favoured by the blind confidence of the court, criminal neglect of an infatuated ministry, and above all, by the public opinion of nearly all France.

In the course now pursued by Buonaparte, of which there appears to be some new and important parts here developed, Lucien took an earnest concern,

"Lucien had scarcely heard of the landing, when he suddenly threw off the mask, which had hitherto made his sentiments appear somewhat doubtful, and even indifferent with regard to Napoleon.

"On perceiving the Pope's alarm at the idea of that man's return, who had op-

pressed him for so many years, the prince of Canino persuaded his sovereign, that he could always control the policy of Buonaparte, and preserve his holiness from any future aggression. The pontiff had already availed himself of Lucien's mediation, when Murat was marching a body of troops towards Rome, and thought he should now confide the interest of his states, as well as those of religion, to the same hands. It was by this artifice that the senator obtained passports to traverse Italy. On procuring these, he entered France through Switzerland, and arrived at Paris late in April: here he continued in the utmost secrecy, having also preserved the strictest incognito on his Journey from Rome. Although not one of his most intimate friends knew of Lucien's being in the capital for some time, he was nevertheless frequently at the Tuileries, and had many long conferences with Napoleon, by whom he was charged to conduct a negotiation of great moment with the British government: this failed even before the necessary passports were signed. The senator went down to the coast to wait for them, but not being allowed to cross the channel, he returned to Paris with the same secrecy he had left it."

"The journey into Switzerland was concerted with Napoleon; for although the reconciliation was complete and sincere, it became necessary for Lucien to conceal it for the present, lest some obstacle should be thrown in the way of his family's leaving Rome. On the other hand, it was of the utmost consequence that his return to power should be so managed, as not to give umbrage to those persons who had seized the reins of administration for the time being, and under whom Napoleon himself had been obliged to serve a species of tutelage, having found it impossible to regain all his power at once. From Lucien's position in Switzerland, the emperor hoped the senator would be able to open the secret negotiations with Austria, and have greater facilities in stimulating the exertions of Murat.

"But as events soon began to accumulate, and become daily more pressing, particularly when every hope of continuing at peace had vanished, and there

was no longer any chance of dissolving the coalition, it was high time to think of opening the campaign."

Of the performances of Lucien during this short revolutionay struggle, we think the following character bears the evident marks of truth; and were we to adopt the affected phraseology of the times, we would say, 'it belongs to history.'

"Installed in his new habitation, Lucien sought for celebrity in three distinct capacities, that of prince, minister of state, and poet: all the public authorities hastened to compliment *his highness*, who studied to receive them with dignified politeness. In this respect the senator had a manifest advantage over his brother: no one could have a greater talent for blending ease and affability in his official communications than Lucien; so that he soon became the object of general applause in all the circles of the resuscitated court, as well as amongst the public functionaries: nor was adulation spared on this occasion; and a hireling newspaper, the *Journal de Paris*, which had but a few months before most severely criticised the poem of Charlemagne, now sang a fulsome palinode, containing an unbounded panegyric on the same composition!"

"The fact is, that the senator's credit was no less real than his influence was active. He was present at all the privy councils and other conferences held by the members of the government, also whenever the leaders of the two chambers met. To him Napoleon left the difficult task of preparing the public mind, and surmounting difficulties: in a word, Lucien had undertaken the very troublesome and thankless office of a conciliator, between the parties of every cast, which, having at first united to support Napoleon, seemed now desirous of contending the prize of power with him, and at all events of obliging the new government to compromise with themselves. The Prince of Canino fully succeeded in gaining over Carnot, who, of all the ministers, seemed to shew the senator most deference: these grand props of the restored dynasty were frequently together, and used to have very long interviews."

The efforts made by Lucien to sustain his imperial relative were strenuous, but fruitless ;—the *decadence* of the Buonapartes was inevitable.

“Amongst the ministers, Carnot seemed to be the only person who remained a stanch supporter of the new government : a secret council being summoned, it was proposed to dissolve the two chambers ; but the very imposing attitude assumed by that of the deputies, under Fouché’s management, rendered the success of this scheme extremely improbable.”

Defeated in the Chamber, Lucien and the ministers retired to the Elysée, where all was consternation.

“On their return to the Elysée, uneasiness and alarm had spread through the palace ; and the senator hurried from his carriage to the garden, in which Napoleon happened to be walking ; on perceiving his brother, the emperor turned pale, and as suddenly became flushed. “Well !” said he to the senator.

“This laconic exclamation had scarcely escaped Napoleon’s lips, when Lucien conducted him into an adjoining arbour, where a person attached to the emperor’s person heard the following dialogue between the two brothers :

LUCIEN.—Where is your firmness now ? Why so irresolute ? You must surely know what is the result of not daring to act under such circumstances ?

NAPOLEON.—I have dared too much.

LUC.—Too much and too little. Do so now for the last time.

NAP.—A tenth of November ?

LUC.—By no means. A constitutional decree. The laws give you the power.

NAP.—They no longer respect the constitution ; and if they oppose the decree ?

LUC.—Then they are rebels, and dissolved of their own accord.

NAP.—The national guard would come to their assistance.

LUC.—The national guard has only a physical power of resistance. When called upon to act, the shopkeepers which compose it, will only think of taking care of their wives, daughters, and warehouses.

NAP.—If a tenth of November failed, it might cause another fifth of October.*

LUC.—You deliberate when it is necessary to act ; while they act without deliberating.

NAP.—What can they do ? They are mere talkers !

LUC.—Public opinion is with them, and they could pronounce your forfeiture to the throne.

NAP.—The forfeiture ! They dare not !

LUC.—They will dare every thing, if you dare nothing.

NAP.—Let us see Davoust.

“Leaving the garden, Napoleon returned to his cabinet, followed by Lucien : here the emperor remained plunged in a deep reverie, and shewing all the symptoms of irresolution, notwithstanding the pressing instances of the senator, who at length quitted the room, telling a secretary that was present, and who betrayed considerable uneasiness at what he saw, “What’s to be done ? The smoke of Mount St. Jean has turned his brain : he is a lost man !” On saying this, he got into his carriage again, drove off to the Palais Royal, and there sat down to brood over his misfortunes, with scarcely a ray of hope remaining.”

Counteracted by Fouché in the Regency and other questions, the intrigues and zeal of Lucien, he insisted on a prompt flight to America, whither all the brothers would follow ; and a note, signifying that such was the intention of Napoleon, was intercepted on the 26th of June. From this moment every hour became more pregnant with danger to the Corsican dynasty. Lucien, under the name of Count de Chatillon, fled to Boulogne, with the design of embarking for the United States. A courier caused him to change his resolution ; and, full of apprehensions, he took the road to Italy as Count de Casali. After wandering some time on the frontiers of Savoy, the dread of being arrested by the Royalists induced him to surrender to Count Bubna, the commander of the Austrian corps marching on Lyons. He was not ungraciously received by that officer, who dispatched an Austrian aid-du-camp to accompany him to Turin, where he arrived 12th July, with the intention of proceeding to Rome. But no sooner had he alighted at the hotel de l’Univers, than he was arrested and carried prisoner to the citadel.

"Lucien's wonted firmness seemed now to fail him. "I cannot conceive," cried the Prince of Canino, "why they should treat me as a prisoner: I, who have always opposed the ambitious designs of my brother, and who in this last instance was only induced to revisit France for the purpose of bringing him back to more moderate views."

The clemency of the Allies reassured him, and he awaited their decision in a captivity rendered as little painful as possible by King Victor Emanuel, whose brother was under some former pecuniary obligation to the prisoner, in regard to the receipt of his pension of 50,000 crowns allowed to the abdicated monarch by the French government.—The close of Lucien's career we transcribe in the words of the author:

"A decision of those ministers who represented the four principal powers, England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, at Paris, soon led to Lucien's release, and enabled him to proceed to Rome; where it was stipulated, that he should remain under the superintendence of the papal police, and on the express condition of his not quitting the Roman states. The intervention of Pius VII. was particularly favourable to Lucien in this dilemma: indeed the holy father seems to have exhausted Christian charity in favour of the senator.

"Leaving Turin on the 15th of September 1815, accompanied by a Piedmontese officer, and passing through Modena, the Prince of Canino was once more restored to the arms of his anxious wife and family.

"Here Lucien seemed at first resigned to his fate, and even appeared to meditate somewhat philosophically on the vanity of human wishes. The senator's conduct was also exceedingly circumspect; but whether he did not consider himself as sufficiently free at Rome, or that his ardent mind began to indulge in some new projects of ambition, a most pressing application for passports to the United States of America was made by him towards the end of 1816. Soon after which it was discovered, that having deliberated on this request, the allied ministers sent a qualified refusal, deciding that he should still continue under the inspection of the police at Rome.

"Having thus fulfilled the task proposed, and conducted our hero to the last eventful scene of his political life, we trust the pledge given in the introduction to these Memoirs, has been amply redeemed; and that the authentic sources from whence our materials have been drawn, will tend in no trifling degree to the elucidation of a subject which has hitherto created opinions with respect to the Buonaparte family as foreign to truth as they are injurious to the best interests of society. It is also hoped that while the minor details of this work have contributed to the reader's amusement, the historical records and reflections which accompany them will not be altogether without their effect in aiding the great cause of morals and public liberty: by holding vice up to well merited reproach, exemplifying its short-lived triumph, and above all, shewing the real motives that have actuated the conduct of a family which might have still enjoyed the highest dignities in Europe, had the individuals composing it betrayed a greater regard for virtue, and listened to the prophetic voice of that PUBLIC OPINION to which their fall can alone be attributed!"

When Lucien left France in 1804, the author says he had an income of 200,000 livres; a capital of 500,000 francs in Spain; the Hotel de Brienne, at Paris, and 200 pictures there, sold to his mother for 900,000 francs. He had also his salary as senator, and the revenue of the seignory of Poppelsdorf, making together 55,000 francs per ann.; and 1500 as a Member of the Institute. The latter payments were, however, stopped when he was ordered to quit France in 1810, and his income consequently reduced from about 12,000*l.* to 8,500*l.* a year. Thus it is stated, but from his style of living he must have had much more. His expense in the purchase of works of art were immense—his collection was valued at 2 millions of francs. When in Italy he treated for the purchase of Bassano, the chateau of the Giustiniani family, where the fine works of Dominichino are to be seen, but its owner asked too high a price. He next tried to buy the Villa Hongroise on the site of the Baths of Dioclesian, celebrated for its vast gardens, but the

sum required for repairs caused this bargain also to go off. He then purchased the palace of the Nugnez family, *via Condotte*, for about 150,000 francs, and about 100,000 more to render it habitable. He had previously acquired the estate of Ruffinella, and some surrounding property; the Villa Mecéné at Tivoli, Rocca-Priore, Dragoncella and Apollina, ancient lordships or dismember-

ments of fiefs, worth about 35,000 francs per ann. Canino was his last purchase, and Louis and Joseph lent him money to complete these acquisitions. Jerome also lent him 100,000 florins when King of Westphalia, but turned out so imperious a creditor, that Lucien pawned his wife's diamonds to repay the debt.

ORIGIN OF SIGNS OF INNS, &c.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE CROSS.

MANY beautiful specimens of the architectural skill and piety of our ancestors, in the Crosses which were the usual ornaments of the market-places and church-yards, fell a sacrifice to the fanatical zeal of the Parliamentarians in the time of the unhappy Charles; but some few still remain, and views of them are occasionally exhibited on the sign-boards of houses in the towns where they are situate, whilst the recollection of others, once of conspicuous beauty, as of the Cross at Coventry, is recalled to the mind by the representation on the sign-board, which has outlived the original.

On the death of Eleanor, the amiable wife of Edward I. and daughter of Ferdinand III. King of Castile and Leon, which happened at Hardeby in Lincolnshire, Nov. 28, 1291, her body by order of Edward, was removed to Westminster; and in testimony of the tender affection which he felt and she so justly merited, he erected at every place where the corpse rested on its journey, an elegant cross, adorned with the statue and arms of the deceased. Three of these beautiful and affectionate memorials still remain, one at Geddington in Northamptonshire; one called Queen's Cross, near Northampton; and one in Hertfordshire, but near the town of Waltham in Essex. The last place where the body was deposited prior to its sepulture in the Abbey, was at the then village of Charing, between London and Westminster, which, from the memorial erected by Edward, obtained its present appellation of Charing-cross,

and where a large inn at present exhibits the sign of the Golden Cross.

The ancient cross was destroyed by the enlightened advocates for a radical reform; who encouraged the arts, by ordering the demolition of those monuments of piety which were adorned with the most exquisite specimens of sculpture and painting; who patronized literature, by seriously considering the propriety of destroying all records of past ages, and beginning every thing anew; who purified the administration of justice, by obtaining with their clamours the execution of the patriot Wentworth, and the venerable Laud, in direct opposition to every principle of equity or law; who murdered their King for a breach of the privileges of the Commons, and elevated a Protector, who with a military force turned all the Members out of doors; who declared a House of Lords to be useless and dangerous, yet instituted a new House, by raising to the Peerage the very dregs of the people; who abolished Episcopacy, and ejected from their benefices "scandalous ministers" who taught the people "to fear God, and honour the King," and filled their pulpits with Fifth-Monarchy men, who preached blasphemy and treason. Such were the blessings of a *radical reform* in our own country; but even these have been obscured by the superior glories of a neighbouring Nation in modern days. The murder of its sovereigns with circumstances of unparalleled atrocity; the ceaseless fall of the axe or guillotine; the public spectacles of monsters with their bodies entwined

with the reeking and bloody entrails of their victims ; the general avowal of Atheism (though indeed the National Assembly did decide by their vote in favour of the existence of a God !)—all at length terminating in a military despotism which depopulated the Nation, and proved the scourge of the whole civilized world, till at length overthrown by the councils and the arms of Britain—all these unequivocally attest the superior glories of the *Age of Reason*, and the triumph of the *Rights of Man*.

Elevated as we are to the highest eminence of political glory ; possessed of a constitution the admiration and envy of the world ; secured in our persons and property by the pure administration of equitable laws ; and enjoying the most perfect rational liberty, both civil and religious : shall we endanger these inestimable blessings by snapping at a shadow, by searching for some theoretic good, which, like the apples of the Caspian, however tempting in prospect, have always proved, on tasting, dust and bitterness ? If we once allow an inroad to the waters through those embankments which the wisdom of our forefathers have raised for our protection, who shall say to the Ocean, " Thus far shalt thou go and no farther ? " If we once put the stone of anarchy in motion, will not its descent be commensurate with our present elevation ? and vainly may we attempt to check its progress till all that is sacred has been crushed by its force—

" *Quieta ne movete.*" " *Principiis obsta.*"

The proverb,

'HE BEGS LIKE A CRIPPLE AT A CROSS,' which we still use to denote a peculiar earnestness of entreaty, has been handed down to us from those times when the afflicted poor used to solicit alms at the different crosses.

THE CROSS HANDS.—THE THREE CROSSES.—THE FOUR CROSSES.

Crosses were antiently erected at the meeting of public roads, and very many of the houses decorated with the above signs are thus situated.

Constantine by law first abolished the punishment of the cross, which had been used by the Romans till his time.

It had been also inflicted among the Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Carthaginians, and even the Greeks.

The Invention or discovery of the Cross, as appears by our Almanacks, is celebrated on May 3. Helena, the mother of Constantine, when 80 years of age, visited the Holy Land, and according to the Legend, discovered the three crosses on which our Saviour and the two thieves had been crucified. To ascertain the one on which our Saviour had been suspended, the corpse of a woman was laid upon each alternately ; the two first produced not any effect, but the latter unquestionably established its verity by instantly restoring the woman to life. The Cross itself too, although divided and subdivided into innumerable fragments, which were distributed among the pious, so that the pieces taken from it amounted to treble the quantity of wood of which it originally consisted, yet nevertheless remained undiminished and entire !!!

Our antient English Historians assert that Constantine the Great was born at Colchester, and that Helena his mother was the daughter of Coel a British Prince ; but these assertions are discredited by modern authors. The island in which Buonaparte is now confined was named in honour of her, and consequently the common pronounciation of it, as St. Helēna, is incorrect.

SIGNATURE OF 'THE CROSS.'

Many deeds of Synods were antiently issued, expressing that, as my Lord the Bishop could not write, at his request others had subscribed for him. Many charters granted by nobles, and even by sovereigns, bore their mark, or "*Signum Crucis*" alone, "*pro ignorantia literarum*," as in a charter dated about the year 700 by Witbred King of Kent. Even the great Emperor Justinian was compelled to have his hand guided by a secretary, or he would not have been able to have subscribed to any of his edicts. From this custom of *making crosses* are derived the words *signing* and *signature*, used as synonymes for *subscribing* and *subscription*.

There is a vulgar opinion that those monumental effigies which we not unfrequently meet with in antient churches

having their legs crossed, were intended as representations of Knight Templars; but this distinction was not exclusively confined to that order, but extended to any knight who had visited the Holy Land, or had even assumed the cross on his habit as significant of his intention of such an expedition.

Guillim enumerates 39, and Columbiere 72, different sorts of crosses used in Heraldry. St. George's cross, Gules on a field Argent, is the standard of England, that Saint being the reputed Patron of this nation.

THE CROSS FOXES,
the sign of very many public houses in

North Wales, has been adopted from the armorial bearings of Sir Watkins Williams Wynn, bart. a gentleman not more distinguished for the extent of his domains than for his public spirit, as the patron of agricultural improvement, and as the Colonel of the Denbigh militia, which he commanded in France when those worthy Cambro-Britons volunteered their services to join the victorious army of the Duke of Wellington.

Foote having been in company with an ancestor of the present baronet, a very large man, and being asked how he liked him, replied, "Oh, a true Welshman, all mountain and barrenness."

FINE ARTS.

From the London Literary Gazette.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Hilton's very fine Picture of Una with the Satyrs.
THIS work is not only of the highest class of composition, but as admirable in execution as in conception. The subject is from the Faërie Queen:—

"So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise
And walketh forth without suspect of harme.
They, all are glad as birdes of joyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting and singing all a shepheards ryme;
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as Queen:
And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double eccho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring."

It must be confessed that this is a charming poetical picture, and thence the greater difficulty of transferring it to the canvass. Yet Mr. Hilton has given us Spenser entirely. Una herself is the figure most questionable according to the rules of art. There is an unnatural coldness about such a mass of white in the centre of such a glow of colour. Some of the Satyrs are exquisitely painted—the one playing the pipe on the right hand, and he who is just descending from a leap 'like wanton kid,' appear to be as excellent as any thing of the kind ever painted. The landscape too is harmonious, and rich, and natural; the distance and the foliage on the foreground do equal honour to the artist's pencil.

The genius of Turner has failed in No. 263, where he has tried to portray the Poet's description of Waterloo:

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal—sound of strife;
The morn the marshalling of arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,

O ATHENEUM. Vol. 4:

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent!

The sublime imagining of this fearful scene, and especially the last line, mock visible representation. The mind can rest with awful delight on the very indistinctness and confusion of an idea; but painting must define it, and when defined it is nothing. Lord Byron, however, gives us a whole chain of consecutive ideas—every member of the verse is a picture. The mingled heap of carnage and fire, the massing of woe and death by the Poet, convey an obscure and dread sensation; but when we look upon the painter's work, we discover only a glare of red, and a number of shadows, which excite neither interest nor emotion. And this not from want of powers in Mr. Turner to treat the subject in the grandest style, but from the subject itself being above any style. There are, nevertheless, several fine parts in this work.

London never possessed so many attractions, in exhibitions of works of art, as during the past month. The company itself forms a spectacle no where else to be seen: but the exhibitions, especially opened for the gratification of the taste and curiosity of the public, consist of—

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House.

The Exhibition of the Society of Painters, in Spring Gardens.

The Exhibition of old Masters, at the British Institution.

Miss Linwood's Gallery, Leicester-Square.

Mr. West's Exhibition, Pall Mall.

The Panorama, Leicester-square.

—Ditto, — — — in the Strand.

Leonardi da Vinci's Last Supper, in Pall Mall.

Mrs. Aberdeen's Papyruseum, Bond-street.

Mr. Bullock's splendid Museum, Piccadilly.

Mr. Thiodon's Theatre of Arts, Spring Gardens.

Messrs. Flight & Co.'s Apollonicon, St. Martin's-lane.

The Menagerie at Exeter Change.

And the matchless collections in the national repository of the *British Museum*,—open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, to all who sign their names.

Other objects of attraction are found in the Bazaar, in Soho-square, and in the Western Exchange, Old Bond-street: also in the Auction-rooms of *Phillips, Christie, Squibb, Robins, &c. &c.*—in which the most splendid and rare works of art and manufacture are daily on exhibition or sale.

This fiftieth Exhibition of the Academy contains 1117 paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the majority of which are superior to any six of the best pieces in the first thirty exhibitions at this school. Indeed, the most enthsaistic admirer of the ancient schools must admit, that there are some new pictures in this exhibition capable of ranking with the best hundred pictures of those schools; while there are few that are below mediocrity.---*Mon. Mag.*

From the Literary Gazette. Aug. 1818.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

No. IV.

FEMALE GAMBLERS.

IT has always appeared to me that the stronger passions, such as avarice, ambition, and revenge, are ill suited to the softer sex. They disfigure the beauty of woman, and completely change her nature. Gaming, which is a compound of idleness and cupidity, but which excites these passions, has precisely the same tendency, and hurries the fairest works of nature into the greatest excesses.

There is, however, a minor species of play which is not so dangerous, and which can be blamed only for the loss of time which it occasions. It is one of the taxes on a man in society, to be compelled to sit down for such a space of time at a card-table, at routs and at other evening parties. I feel a *je ne sais quoi* of misery and disgust, the moment the fair lady of the house presents me the pack of cards to draw one; and I view myself destined to be fixed to my chair for at least one rubber, or perhaps more. Then, farewell conversation; farewell my greatest amusement, observation: farewell mirth and all variety.

A young Exquisite* may just make his appearance for a few minutes, make his bow to the lady of the house, cast a glance round in order to be able to count all the beauty and fashion in the room, and then withdraw, throw himself into his chariot or vis-a-vis, and re-

peat the same brief visit at two or three other parties in the course of the night. A dancer may escape the card-tax; but a man of serious habits, and of middle age, must pay the forfeit of money and of time.

It is astonishing how many hours this occupation engrosses in high life. Lady Lansquinette assured me, that she played three rubbers of whist regularly every evening, unless she sat down to some game of chance. In the former case, she devoted her three hours *per diem* to cards; in the latter the whole evening. In wet weather she played in the morning; and at Castle Costly, she always spent two or three hours before dinner at cards, when the state of the atmosphere or the roads prevented her going out. Averaging her play hours at four or five per day, they compose one third of her time, since her Ladyship devotes twelve hours to rest. Now, abstracting four more for her toilette, which is not less than it takes, there are but four more clear hours for any rational employment, out of which breakfast and dinner time are to be deducted.

I met with her the other night at Lady Racket's; and she immediately hooked me in for a rubber. I had scarcely got clear of this engagement, and of five guineas at the same time, having lost five points upon the rub, when I was entreated to sit down to cassino in company with Mrs. Marvelous, Sir Herbert Maxton, and Lady Longtick. I the more readily, however, complied with the request of my right honourable hostess, since at cassino the attention is not so entirely taken

* It may be well to observe that our Hermit divides the Dandies of fashion into two principal classes, to one of which he gives the appellation of "*Exquisites*," and to the other of "*Ruffians*."—*Ed.*

up ; less importance it attached to the game, and a little light and confused conversation may be allowed ; whilst at whist you see grave faces sitting in judgment over your play, and observe as much interest and anxiety, as much silence and attention, as a speech of Demosthenes would have claimed from his auditors.

"Come," said Lady Racket to me, "you must make one at cassino ; (then lowering her voice) you will have the charms of Lady Longtick to contemplate, and Mrs. Marvellous will amuse you with some very astonishing stories in the intervals of dealing, etcetera." "Your Ladyship's commands are so many laws to me," said I, as I resignedly took my place at the table. "The Hermit of London," exclaimed Mrs. Marvellous, in half a whisper to Sir Herbert. They both elevated their eyebrows, as much as to say, here's a fellow who will observe us closely. I made my best bow, and took my seat.

I drew cards, and fell to the lot of Mrs. Marvellous. "You must not scold me if I play ill," said she. "Not for the world," answered I, "I never scolded a lady in my life." "I wish I could say as much of Sir Herbert," said she, "indeed it was nothing short of cruel, your crossness to Lady Maxton yesterday ; you actually brought tears into her eyes." "Nonsense," exclaimed the Baronet, "you know I wanted not to play at all ; but the Nabob could not make up his party without us, and I hate above all things to play with my wife ; married couples never ought to play together." "Unless," interrupted Lady Longtick, "they understand one another as well as our friends in Portland Place." "And then," replied the Baronet, "it is not very pleasant to play against them" (a general smile.)

"It is your deal, Mrs. Marvellous." "Two and three are five." "The heart is yours, Lady Longtick, and little cass falls to me." "Have you heard of the Royal marriages ?" "Three tricks, by Jupiter !"—"The naval Duke." "Your knave, my lady."—"I am quite out of luck ; how many Queens ?" (Sir Herbert) "One, and that's quite enough." "Bravo, Mrs. Marvellous," said I, "you

are always fortunate ; 'tis my trick." (Mrs. Marvellous) "Have you heard that Lady Barbara Bankton has" (interrupted by the Baronet) "Cut, Madam ;" "Yes, Sir Herbert, she has cut, and left her lovely children." "Your Ladyship's game." "To the mercy of the world. How shocking for her three daughters !" "A double game." (Mrs. Marvellous) "She certainly had the most indulgent husband in the world." "The base wretch, I have no patience with her." "A hard rub." "Yet I could always see through her conduct." "Had you said thro' her drapery," replied Sir Herbert, "I should have been satisfied that you were right, for she was a walking transparency. But here comes her cousin, the General." "The game is up."

Released from the cassino table, I walked round the room, and cast an eye on the different tables. I stopped for a moment behind my friend Lord Levity's chair, and contemplated the countenances at an unlimited loo. "I pass," said Lady Lavish, in a tone of broken-heartedness which told me that she had lost. Every feature was changed, the warm smile which gives such attractions to her countenance had disappeared ; dejection filled her eyes, and despair sat on every feature. Mrs. Beverly was also a great loser : not less than eighty guineas did she pay for her night's pastime. She put on a sort of placid look, a well-bred indifference, a forced and unnatural smile ; but nature, true to its feelings, betrayed the secret of her mind, and gave the outlines of revenge, and of disappointment to her countenance. "You are out of luck," observed I. "A trifle or so," answered she, with an assumption of tranquillity which imposed upon nobody.

The other ladies (the eldest only eighteen) were all anxiety. The natural lustre of their complexion was marred by a flush of intemperate feeling and over-desire to win. Their eyes were attentively riveted to the cards, and from time to time they communed with each other by glances of satisfaction, doubt, or discontent. Whilst these three Graces were half metamorphosed by their attention to their bad or good fortune Colonel Crab sneered as he was

pocketing his gains ; and Lady Mary Moody expressed the intoxication of success. This she strove to stifle, but it flushed on her cheek, spoke on her half opened lip, and sparkled in her eyes. How little do these fair creatures, thought I, know how their looks betray them ! So much are they a prey to the passion of gaming, that not even these magnificent Venetian mirrors can bring a useful reflection to cure them of this vice.

I now moved towards the door, and got into a crowd of beaux and of belles, and into a confusion of tongues. The broken sentences which came to my ear from different quarters were ridiculous enough. Lady Racket was discoursing about a new novel ; Sir Wetherby Justle was holding forth on horse-racing ; a new Member was affecting the ministerial tone, and laying down the law to a deaf Dowager who had the best of it, for she was paying attention to an antiquated Exquisite the whole time. Mrs. Marvellous told me that Lady T— was ruined, and that she owed her butler only one thousand guineas. “Lady Longtick has made a good thing of it to-night,” whispered Lady R—’s maiden aunt to a young Guardsman ; “her dress-maker will now have a chance of being paid,” continued she.

Lady Lovemore passed by at this moment convulsed with rage, but bridling her temper as well as she could. She had not only lost at cards, but perceived a happy rival in the affections of the Colonel, to whom he was paying the warmest assiduities, and her rival had smiled contempt. Lady Racket even seemed to enjoy the defeat of Lady Lovemore : “I fear that your Ladyship is not well,” said Lady R. to her

in an assumed tone of pity and of kindness. ‘A sick head-ache which dis- tracts me,’ answered Lady L. and flounced away unattended by a beau, which circumstance was observed with different remarks and comments from half a dozen different quarters at once. How little charity one female has for another, thought I ! and at cards this quality exists not.

I now perceived Sir Herbert, who had been looking over his wife’s play, and must have been giving her some unwelcome hints. “Did I play ill in trumping ?” sweetly and softly uttered she in a silvery tone. ‘Not at all,’ replied he, in a sharp tone : ‘if you wished to lose, you could not play better.’ She gently raised up her shoulders, and heaving a sigh, said, “My dear, I am sorry for it.” ‘It’s always the same,’ exclaimed he, and broke unkindly away from her. What a pity that a few hearts and clubs, ill painted upon the surface of a card, should occasion such contending passions, should sow such dissensions, and embitter the hours of so many rational beings !—that a card, played out of place or without judgment, should mar the domestic felicity of an otherwise happy couple ! and that Lady Maxton should persevere in playing without any abatement of ill fortune abroad, or of dryness and blame at home.

I now perceived a number of the beau monde going to their carriages, and, upon striking my repeater, found that it was four o’clock. Thus were four hours consumed, when I retired to rest ; but the countenances at the loo- table were before my eyes in my dream, and I longed to be able to give a little advice to the fair creatures in question.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

MINUTIÆ LITERARIÆ.

OBSERVATIONS, ANECDOTES, &c. ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

From the London Monthly Magazines, &c. Aug. 1818.

ANECDOTE OF HEYLIN.

THIS celebrated man, soon after publishing his Geography of the World, accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with a Gentleman who lived on

the New Forest, Hampshire, with directions where his servant should meet him to conduct him thither. As soon as he was joined by the gentleman’s servant, they struck off into the thick of the

forest, and after riding some time, Mr. Heylin asked if that was the right road; and to his astonishment received for answer that the conductor did not know, but he had heard there was a very near cut to his master's house through the thicket; and he certainly thought, as Mr. Heylin had written the "Geography of the World," that such a road could not have been unknown to him.

LORD CHATHAM.

His eloquence was of every kind, tranquil, vehement, argumentative, or moralizing, as best suited the occasion. In 1764, he maintained the illegality of general warrants with great energy in the House of Commons. "By the British Constitution," said he, "every man's house is his castle; not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements, for it may be a straw-built shed. Every wind of heaven may blow around it, all the elements of nature may enter in; but the King cannot, the King dares not."

FENELON.

A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions which had taken place under it, in opposition to the arguments of the Archbishop, said, "I maintain that such persons are unfit to live." "But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

ANNE DE MONTMORENCI.

The Constable Montmorenci deservedly ranks among the illustrious men of his age, though his great qualities were balanced by many defects. In temper he was harsh, austere, and dictatorial, obstinate in his opinions, and impatient of contradiction. He was accounted exceedingly pious, but his religion was much more that of a soldier than of a christian. Brantome

gives the following lively picture of it. 'He never failed every morning to say his paternosters, whether he staid at home, or mounted on horseback; but it was a saying in the army, Take care of the paternosters of monsieur the Constable; for his way was, while reciting or muttering them, as any disorders or irregularities came in his view, to cry, Take me up such a man; tie that other

to a tree; pass him through the pikes instantly, or shoot them all before my face; cut me in pieces those fellows who hold out that steeple against the king; burn this village, set fire to the country for a quarter of a league round; and all this, without any intermission of his paters, till he had finished them, as he would have thought it a great sin to put them off for another hour, so tender was his conscience.'

This scrupulous devotion, and his intolerant zeal against heresy, have, however, given him the epithet of a *christian hero*; and he prided himself in nothing more than being the first Christian Baron of Europe. His great political maxim was, 'one faith, one law, one king;' and he steadily supported the royal authority, amid all the storms and vicissitudes of faction. As a general he had little success, yet he maintained the character of a great commander, which he deserved by a long series of useful and active services.

From the Monthly Magazine, July, 1818.

ORIGINAL PAPERS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Decrees and Orders of the University of Cambridge. (Extracts.)

Noe taylor in towne to make great breeches under the forfeiture of 10*l*.

It was decreed by Dr. Meye, vice-chancellor, that noe inhabitant in the town of Cambridge, being either scholer or scholer's servant, can or may be privileged by that title from the comon dayes workes of mendinge the highwaye.

Item. It was ordered and decreed (Dec. 2, 1579,) that only *And. Smyth*, and *Tho. Medcalfe*, for that they were apprentices to the mistery of waxe-chandlers, should sell torches and lynks within the town of Cambridge, and noe other.

Eodem. It was likewise ordered and decreed y^t *Tybbe*, because he only was brought up in the mistery of brewing ale, should only brew ale in the towne, and noe other.

Brewers shall pute noe ale to sell till they have sent for y^e taster to tast it: doing the contrary, for every time, to forfeit vid.

Severall women are comanded to

ward; for that, contrary to y^e charters, they bye apples, eggs, butter, peese, &c. to sell againe before iii of the clock, &c.

Johnson's wife for scoldinge and for slanderinge her neighbours, is adjudged to the cokking-stool.

Thos. Thaxter, of Cambridge, is condemned to stande at y^e bull ringe for counterfetinge a p^rcept in Mr. Vice Chanc. name, &c.

Rich. Wright is amerced in y^e list

for setting upp y^e trade of a ferrier, being under y^e age of thirty yeares, and not married: *sed quia constitit illam artem non contineri in catalogo eorum qui p^hibentur in statuto, dimittitur ab ulteriori molestia.*

Rob^t. Spakeman, for haveinge two wives, is condemned to stande in a sheete upon the market-hill, &c. and to doe y^e like in y^e parish where he was married.

Cole 28.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN ENGLAND.†

From the New Monthly Magazine, August, 1818.

WE next went to Holyrood House, the ancient palace of the Kings of Scotland. It is situated on the East side of the Old Town, and forms a large square. At present it is inhabited by some of the nobility, the Marquis of Douglas, Lord Dunmore, &c. A great hall, adorned with the portraits of the Kings of Scotland, is used for the election of Peers to serve in Parliament. A particular interest is excited by the apartments formerly inhabited by Queen Mary Stuart, in which all the furniture has remained unchanged ever since. There are two rooms, each with a closet adjoining. The red damask curtains, bordered with green fringe, have suffered by time, and are much damaged: the Queen's arm-chair, harpsicord and toilet, on the other hand, are in good preservation. Next to her room is the cabinet in which she was at supper in the company of the Countess of Argyle, and of Rizzio, when Lord Darnley entered at the head of the conspirators, and dragged the unhappy favourite into the bed-chamber, where he was murdered. In this room they shew a trap-door leading to the private staircase, by which the murderers entered. On the floor they pointed out some drops of blood, which, as we heard, are fresh painted every year. In one of the rooms there is a picture of Lord Darnley; and in a closet a glove is preserved, which is said to have belonged to him. They also shew a small oil painting of the Queen.

Near the palace there is a chapel in the Gothic style, but in a very ruinous

state. It contains some monuments: a very old one of white marble, made in Italy, is shewn in the tower, and considered as a curiosity, from its having escaped destruction in the numerous civil wars.

We were told of a singular privilege of this palace, in which debtors who cannot satisfy their creditors, find an asylum from prosecution by them.

From Holyrood House we were taken to the Register Office, where the public and family archives of Scotland are preserved. This establishment prevents many lawsuits, by the careful preservation of all family writings. The most ancient of the documents here is of the year 1405, and of the reign of King David. An aged woman, who understands how to render old faded manuscripts legible, is employed for that purpose in this office.

We viewed St. George's Church, which is built in the Greek style, and ascended into the lantern of the dome, from which there is an extensive prospect over the city and the surrounding country, as far as the sea.

On the 5th of December we visited the buildings where the Scotch parliament met before the Union: it is used at present for the sittings of the Courts of Justice. The Courts happened to be sitting that day, and a place was given us near the Judges; though I did not understand what was said, I perceived that the mode of proceeding was like that in England, which has been imitated in France. In another Hall we found the Court of Exchequer as-

† Continued from page 79.

sembled. It decides on causes between the crown and private individuals. The case then before it was that of a brewer, who affirmed that by means of a new invention, he could make use of the spirituous parts, which during the cooling of the beer evaporate in the air and are lost. His idea was to collect these parts in a pipe, where they should be condensed like common brandy. The royal officers, on their side, made objections to this, affirming that some fraud upon the revenue might be intended.

We were shewn the library of the counsellors, which is in a handsome room, and had not been long established. Another library, belonging to the lawyers,* consists of 40,000 volumes. It contains the best ancient and modern works, a collection of manuscripts, and a complete collection of documents relative to the history of the country; the oldest of these last is of the year 1350: the earlier ones are said to have been lost in the passage to England by sea. We saw among them a letter written by Mary Queen of Scots, while she was in France, to her mother; the handwriting and the style were good for that time.

The Bettering house, or House of Correction, is on a hill of trap, called Calton Hill, and is one of the best ordered establishments of the kind we have seen. On the same hill there is a monument in honour of Nelson.

On the 6th of December we began our daily rounds with visiting the High School, in which 800 young people of all ranks receive preparatory instruction. The school has five classes. The boys go through the lower classes in four years, under four teachers or professors. In the fifth they receive the preparatory instruction immediately previous to being sent to College. The branches of learning taught there are reading, writing, Latin and Greek, geography, history and mathematics. The methods of instruction seem to be good.

One of the most useful institutions of the city of Edinburgh is the Highland Society of Scotland, which has a president, four vice-presidents, and members of all ranks of society, nobles, merchants,

&c. The object of this society, whose labours are eminently successful, is the improvement of agriculture, and the breeding of cattle, the cultivation of waste lands, the encouragement of useful inventions, by the distribution of premiums and other rewards. Another Society to promote instruction in Christianity, was founded in 1701. It receives 1000*l.* per annum from the King, and many schools are supported by it.

We made a little excursion to the town of Leith, distant about two English miles from Edinburgh. The way to it is along an uncommonly fine, broad, paved road, which has an almost uninterrupted row of houses on both sides of it, so that you hardly think that you are in another town when you arrive at Leith. There is the old harbour, and they are busy in forming a new one. The first is at the mouth of the little river Leith; but it is too confined, and is dry at low water: the new one will consist of a row of docks, several of which are completed.

We saw large three-masted vessels, which go to Greenland on the whale fishery. They are distinguished by the strength with which they are built, and by the covering of iron on the bows, to resist the masses of ice. They sail every year, in March, to Greenland or Newfoundland. The fishery is not always successful, and these enterprizes are often attended with loss.

Leith is defended by some batteries, but they are not very formidable. During the American war, Paul Jones sailed into the river with three armed vessels, and spread terror as far as Edinburgh. Leith possesses several manufactories; the principal branch of its industry is linen. The town is in the period of its increase, and had already attained a high degree of prosperity, when several of its merchants made great speculations in colonial goods to the Continent: the turn of political affairs disappointed their hopes, so that several of these houses became bankrupt; and while we were there, one of them, the only one who had commercial relations with the East Indies, declared itself insolvent in the sum of 250,000*l.* sterling.

We returned to Edinburgh by the

* The Advocates' Library.—Ed.

same road, and visited on the way, a great manufactory for spinning cotton and hemp, which is put in motion by a steam-engine. The Botanic Garden, which we saw after our return, is neither large, nor, as it appeared to us, well kept. There are in Edinburgh several ale breweries, many manufactories of sal volatile, sal ammoniac, &c. The city is supposed to have received its name from a castle which a Saxon prince, named Edwin, had built here in the year 626, and which was called Edwinburgh.

This city will at a future period certainly become one of the most beautiful cities in Great Britain. Its situation is uncommonly favourable, on an eminence near the sea, and combines advantages of every kind. The New Town, which was built after a regular plan, is every thing that can be wished in respect to the architecture both of the public and private buildings. The contrast between the Old and New Town is striking; the former are black, crowded together, and the streets between them, in part, no more than from six to ten feet broad. The two towns are joined by a handsome bridge, which was begun in 1765, and finished in 1769. The building of the New

Town did not begin till the year 1768; before which time there was not a trace of it. Ten handsome streets, parallel to each other, now traverse the city on its whole length from East to West. Queen Street is a hundred feet broad, and has only one row of houses, the inhabitants of which enjoy the most beautiful prospect towards the North, over the county of Fife, and the whole course of the Firth of Forth. This advantage renders the street a very agreeable promenade in summer. St. George's Street is a hundred and ten feet broad, and terminates at each end in a fine square. Princess Street, along the Fosse, serves as a winter promenade. Its broad foot pavement is frequently crowded with walkers. The fine street leading to Leith is a third very agreeable promenade.

The architecture of the houses in the New Town agrees with that usual in London: the kitchens are below ground, and receive their light from a grated window looking towards the street; but they are more spacious and comfortable. The streets of the New Town have raised pavements on both sides for the foot passengers, and are paved with basaltic stones, which are found in abundance near Arthur's Seat.

VARIETIES.

From the London Time's Telescope, for Nov. 1818.

SAINTS' DAYS, OBSCURE CEREMONIES, REMARKABLE EVENTS, &c.

IN NOVEMBER.

ALL SAINTS, NOVEMBER 1.

IN the early ages of Christianity the word *saint* was applied to all *believers*, as is evident in the use of it by St. Paul and St. Luke; but the term was afterwards restricted to such as excelled in Christian virtues. In the Romish church, holy persons canonized by the Pope, are called *saints*; and are invoked and supplicated by the professors of that religion. The church of England instituted this festival in memory of all good men defunct, proposing them as patterns for Christian imitation, but not allowing any prayers to be addressed to them.

Some strange customs are observed by rustics on Allhallow Eve. Young people in the north (according to Mr. Brand) dive for *apples*, catching at them when stuck at one end of a hanging beam, at the other extremity of which is fixed a *lighted candle*, and that with their mouths only, having their hands tied behind their backs; with many other fooleries. Nuts and apples chiefly compose the entertainment; and from the custom of flinging the former into the fire, it has, doubtless, had its vulgar name, of nut-crack night. In Scotland (says Mr. Pennant) young women determine the *figure and size of their*

husbands, by drawing CABBAGES, blind-fold, on Allhallow Eve; and, like the English, they fling nuts into the fire. This last custom is beautifully described by Gay, in his 'Spell:—

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This, with the loudest bounce, me sore amazed,
That, in a flame of brightest colour blazed:
As blazed the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

The burning of nuts is also alluded to in the following pretty lines:—

These glowing nuts are emblems true
Of what in human life we view;
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,
And thus in strife themselves consume;
Or from each other wildly start,
And with a noise for ever part.
But see the happy happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere;
With mutual fondness, while they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn:
And as the vital sparks decay,
Together gently sink away;
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last.

ALL SOULS, NOVEMBER 2.

This festival is still observed by the church of Rome. The following is the alleged origin of it:—A monk, having visited Jerusalem, and passing through Sicily, as he returned home, had the curiosity to visit Mount Ætna, which, from its constantly giving out fire and smoke, was imagined by some to be the mouth of the infernal regions. This religious monk, hearing the demons within complaining that many departed souls were taken out of their hands by the prayers of the Cluniac monks; on his return, related the idle story to Odilo his abbot, who immediately appointed this day to be annually observed in the monastery, and incessant prayers to be made for departed souls. The day was soon afterwards solemnized as a general holiday, by the pope; but it was deservedly abolished at the Reformation. In Catholic countries, on the eve and day of All Souls, the churches are hung with black; the tombs are opened; a coffin covered with black, and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church; and in one corner, figures in wood, representing the souls of the deceased, are halfway plunged into the flames.

P ATHENEUM. Vol. 4.

KING WILLIAM LANDED, NOV. 5.

The glorious revolution of 1668 is commemorated on this day; when the throne of England became vested in the illustrious house of Orange. The fleet which brought over King William from Holland left that country on the first of November. 'On the third we passed between Dover and Calais, and before night, saw the Isle of Wight. The next day, the fourth, being the day on which the Prince was born and married, he fancied, if he could land that day, it would look auspicious to the army, and animate the soldiers. But others, who considered the day following was Gunpowder Treason Day, thought our landing that day might have a good effect on the minds of the English nation. And Divine Providence so ordered it, that, after all hopes of our landing at Torbay were given up, and Russel bid me go to my prayers, for all was lost, the wind suddenly shifted, and carried us into the desired haven. Here the Prince, Marshal Schomberg, and the foot soldiers, landed on November the fifth. I never found a disposition to superstition in my temper; yet I must confess this strange ordering of the winds and seasons, just to change as our affairs required it, could not but make deep impressions on me.'

POWDER PLOT, NOV. 5.

'We are now to relate an event, one of the most memorable that history has conveyed to posterity, and containing at once a singular proof both of the strength and weakness of the human mind; its widest departure from morals and most steady attachment to religious prejudices. 'Tis the GUNPOWDER TREASON of which I speak; a fact as certain as it appears incredible.'

The Catholics, disappointed in their expectations of favour from James I. were enraged beyond all measure. Catesby, a person of that persuasion, first thought of an extraordinary method of revenge, which was no other than to blow up the parliament house, when the members should be assembled, and the king opening the session. This diabolical scheme he communicated to Percy, a descendant of the illustrious house of Northumberland, who, being

charmed with the measure, they cautiously enlisted some other conspirators, and sent over to Flanders in quest of one Guy Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish service, of whose zeal and resolution they entertained no doubt. Every thing being concerted, the conspirators took the following oath of secrecy, which they confirmed by receiving the sacrament together: *'You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you now purpose to receive, never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave.'* They next (1605) hired a house in the name of Percy, adjoining that in which the parliament assembled; and finding that a cellar was to be let under the house of lords, they seized the opportunity of renting it, and, forming a communication between Percy's house and it, deposited there thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which they covered with faggots and billet wood. The doors of the vault were then boldly thrown open, to prevent any appearance of danger: and nothing remained, but to watch the opportunity of rendering their horrible malice complete.

The king, the queen, and prince Henry, were all expected to be present at the opening of parliament; but prince Charles, on account of his tender age, would necessarily be absent, and him it was intended to assassinate. The princess Elizabeth alone remained of the royal family whom papistical vengeance had not devoted; and it was resolved to seize her, and proclaim her queen immediately after the catastrophe.

'The day, so long wished for, now approached, on which the parliament was appointed to assemble. The dreadful secret, though communicated to above twenty persons, had been religiously kept, during the space of near a year and a half. No remorse, no pity, no fear of punishment, no hope of reward, had, as yet, induced any one conspirator either to abandon the enterprise, or make a discovery of it. The holy fury had extinguished in their

breasts every other motive; and it was an indiscretion at last, proceeding chiefly from these very bigoted prejudices and partialities, that saved the nation.

'Ten days before the meeting of parliament, lord Monteagle, a catholic, son to lord Morley, received the following letter, which had been delivered to his servant by an unknown hand. *My lord, Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be condemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm: For the danger is past, as soon as you have burned the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, unto whose holy protection I commend you.*

'Monteagle knew not what to make of this letter; and though inclined to think it a foolish attempt to frighten and ridicule him, he judged it safest to carry it to lord Salisbury, secretary of state. Though Salisbury too was inclined to pay little attention to it, he thought proper to lay it before the king, who came to town a few days after. To the king it appeared not so light a matter; and from the serious earnest style of the letter, he conjectured that it implied something dangerous and important. A terrible blow, and yet the authors concealed; a danger so sudden and yet so great; these circumstances seemed all to denote some contrivance by gunpowder; and it was thought advisable to inspect all the vaults below the houses of parliament. This care belonged to the earl of Suffolk, lord chamberlain, who purposely delayed the search till the day before the meeting of parliament. He remarked those great piles of wood and faggots which

lay in the vault under the upper house, and he cast his eye upon Fawkes, who stood in a dark corner, and passed himself for Percy's servant. That daring and determined courage, which so much distinguished this conspirator, even among those heroes in villany, was fully painted in his countenance, and was not passed unnoticed by the chamberlain. Such a quantity also of fuel, for the use of one who lived so little in town as Percy, appeared a little extraordinary; and, upon comparing all circumstances, it was resolved that a more thorough inspection should be made. About midnight, sir Thomas Knevet, a justice of peace, was sent with proper attendants; and before the door of the vault finding Fawkes, who had just finished all his preparations, he immediately seized him, and, turning over the faggots, discovered the powder. The matches and every thing proper for setting fire to the train were taken in Fawkes' pocket; who finding his guilt now apparent, and seeing no refuge but in boldness and despair, expressed the utmost regret that he had lost the opportunity of firing the powder at once, and of sweetening his own death by that of his enemies. Before the council he displayed the same intrepid firmness, mixed even with scorn and disdain; refusing to discover his accomplices, and showing no concern but for the failure of the enterprise. This obstinacy lasted two or three days: but being confined to the Tower, left to reflect on his guilt and danger, and the rack being just shown him, his courage, fatigued with so long an effort, and unsupported by hope or society, at last failed him; and he made a full discovery of all the conspirators.

'Catesby, Percy, and the other criminals, who were in London, though they had heard of the alarm taken at a letter sent to Monteagle; though they had heard of the chamberlain's search; yet were resolved to persist to the utmost, and never abandon their hopes of success. But at last, hearing that Fawkes was arrested, they hurried down to Warwickshire; where sir Everard Digby, thinking himself assured that success had attended his con-

federates, was already in arms, in order to seize the princess Elizabeth. She had escaped into Coventry; and they were obliged to put themselves on their defence against the country, who were raised from all quarters, and armed, by the sheriff. The conspirators, with all their attendants, never exceeded the number of eighty persons; and being surrounded on every side, could no longer entertain hopes either of prevailing or escaping. Having therefore confessed themselves, and received absolution, they boldly prepared for death, and resolved to sell their lives as dear as possible to the assailants. But even this miserable consolation was denied them. Some of their powder took fire, and disabled them for defence. The people rushed in upon them. Percy and Catesby were killed by one shot. Digby, Rookwood, Winter, and others, being taken prisoners, were tried, confessed their guilt, and died, as well as Garnet, by the hands of the executioner. Notwithstanding this horrid crime, the bigoted catholics were so devoted to Garnet, that they fancied miracles to be wrought by his blood; and in Spain he was regarded as a martyr.

'The lords Mordaunt and Stourton, two catholics, were fined, the former ten thousand pounds, the latter four thousand, by the star-chamber; because their absence from parliament had begotten a suspicion of their being acquainted with the conspiracy. The earl of Northumberland was fined thirty thousand pounds, and detained several years prisoner in the Tower; because, not to mention other grounds of suspicion, he had admitted Percy into the number of gentlemen pensioners, without his taking the requisite oaths.'

LORD MAYOR'S DAY, NOVEMBER 9.

The word *mayor*, if we adopt the etymology of Verstegan, comes from the ancient English *maier*, able or potent, of the verb *may* or *can*. King Richard I. A.D. 1189, first changed the bailiffs of London into Mayors; by whose example, others were afterwards appointed. Upon the authority of an old resident in the city of York, we are informed that the title of *Lady* was, till within these few years, retained by the

Mayor's wife in that city, *during her life*, but that her husband's title died with his office ;—and the following couplet is cited in evidence

My Lord's a lord for a year and a day,
But my Lady's a lady for ever and aye.

SAINT MARTIN, NOVEMBER 11.

He was a native of Hungary, and for some time followed the life of a soldier; but afterwards took orders, and was made Bishop of Tours, in France, in which see he continued for twenty-six years. Martin died about the year 397, much lamented, and highly esteemed for his virtues. Formerly, a universal custom prevailed of killing cows, oxen, swine, &c. at this season. This practice is yet retained in some country villages. Martinmas is still celebrated on the Continent by good eating and drinking; and was antiently, in England, a day of feasting and revelry, as will appear by some extracts from a pleasing little ballad, entitled *Martilmasse-day*:—

It is the day of Martilmasse,
Cuppers of ale should free lie passe.
What though wynter has begunne
To push downe the summer sunne,
To our fire we can betake,
And enjoye the crackling brake;
Never heeding wynter's face
On the day of Martilmasse.

Some do the citie now frequent,
Where costlie shows and merriment
Do weare the vaporish ev'ninge out
With interlude and revelling route;
Such as did pleasure Englands queene,
When here her royal Grace was seen;
Yet will they not this daye let passe,
The merrie day of Martilmasse.

When the dailie sportes be done,
Round the market crosse they rune;
Prentis laddes, and gallant blades,
Dancing with their gamesome maids,
Till the beadel, stout and sowre,
Shakes his bell, and calls the houre;
Then farewell ladde and farewell lasse
To th' merry night of Martilmasse.
Martilmasse shall come againe,
Spite of wind and snow and raine;
But many a strange thing must be done,
Many a cause be lost and won,
Many a fool must leave his pelfe,
Many a worldlinge cheat himselfe,
And many a marvel come to passe,
Before return of Martilmasse.

SAINT CECILIA, NOVEMBER 22.

Cecilia was a Roman lady, who re-
using to renounce her religion, was

thrown into a furnace of boiling water and scalded to death. Others say that she was stifled in a bath, a punishment frequently inflicted, at that time, on female criminals of rank. She suffered martyrdom about the year 225. Cecilia is regarded as the patroness of music, and is represented by Raffaele with a regal in her hand. All the adoration of this saint seems to have arisen from the tradition of her being a skilful musician, and that an angel who visited her was drawn from the mansions of the blessed by the charms of her melody; a circumstance to which Dryden has alluded in the conclusion of his celebrated Ode to Cecilia:—

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound,
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes, our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear. *Pope.*

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Dryden.

SAINT CLEMENT, NOV. 23.

Clement I. was born at Rome, and was one of the first bishops of that place; this see he held about sixteen years; from the year 64 or 65 to 81. He was remarkable for having written two Epistles, so excellent, and so highly esteemed by the primitive Christians, that the first was for some time considered canonical. Clement was sentenced to work in the quarries, and afterwards, having an anchor fastened about his neck, was drowned in the sea.

SAINT CATHERINE, NOV. 25.

This saint was born at Alexandria, and received a liberal education. About the year 305, she was converted to Christianity, which she afterwards professed with the utmost intrepidity, openly reproving the pagans for offering sacrifices to their idols, and upbraiding the Emperor Maxentius, to his face, with

the most flagrant acts of tyranny and oppression. She was condemned to suffer death by rolling a wheel over her body stuck round with iron spikes.—*Catherine-Tide* is very generally observed in Wiltshire and parts adjacent, where it is supposed to be kept in honour of a certain *bonne vivante* queen, a namesake of the saint to whom this day is dedicated.

ADVENT SUNDAY, NOV. 29.

This and the three subsequent Sundays, which precede the grand festival of Christmas, take their name from the Latin *advenire*, to come into, or from the word *adventus*, an approach.

SAINT ANDREW, NOV. 30.

Andrew was the son of James, a fisherman at Bethsaida, and younger brother of Peter. At the dispersion of the apostles, the province assigned to Saint Andrew was that part of the world then distinguished by the name of Scythia, and its neighbouring countries. Having travelled in these parts, and converted many to the Christian faith, he returned and preached the gospel in Epirus. After he had planted Christianity in several places, he came to Patræ, a city of Achaia, where Ægeus the proconsul condemned him to be crucified on a cross of the form of an X; and, that his death might be more lingering, he was fastened with cords.

The order of the Thistle was instituted by Achaïas, King of Scotland, in 787, restored by James V, 1540, revived by King James II. in 1687, and re-established by Queen Anne, in 1703.

It consists of the sovereign and twelve brethren or knights, making in the whole thirteen, and four officers. The star is worn on the left side of the coat or cloak, and consists of a *St. Andrew's cross*, of silver embroidery, with rays going out between the points of the cross; on the middle a thistle of gold and green upon a field of green, and round the thistle and field a circle of gold, having on it the following motto, in green letters: NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT (no man provokes me with impunity). The badge or jewel is worn pendant to a green riband over the left shoulder, and tied under the arm. It consists of the image of St. Andrew,

with the cross before, enamelled and chased on rays of gold, the cross and feet resting upon a ground of enamelled green; and on the back enamelled on a green ground, a thistle gold and green, the flower reddish, with the above motto round it. The collar consists of thistles and sprigs of rue interspersed, and from the centre is suspended the image of St. Andrew; the whole of gold, enamelled.

WOMAN.

A Poem. By W. S. Barrett.

From the New Monthly Magazine, August 1816.

In a modest and well written preface, Mr. Barrett asserts, "that though the fair sex have occasioned many dissertations in English prose, they have never yet found a champion in the more congenial field of English poetry." With this declaration, however, we do not agree: Parneï has a poem on the Rise of Woman; Mr. Southey's first Epic celebrates the wonderful exploits of the Maid of Arc; and one of the most elegant of his minor productions is denominated the "Triumphs of Woman." Besides these, many of the most popular authors of all ages, compliment her in various passages of their poems. We copy the following singular verses from the works of Sir Aston Cokayne; which, as they have become exceedingly scarce, may not be deemed unacceptable to our readers:—

I wonder why by foul-mouthed men
Women so slandered be,
Since it doth easily appear
They're better far than we?

Why are the *Graces* every one
Pictured as women be,
If not to shew that they in grace
Do more excel than we?

Why are the liberal *Sciences*
Pictured as women be,
If not to shew, that they in them
Do more excel than we?

Why are the *Virtues* every one
Pictured as woman be,
If not to shew, that they in them
Do more excel than we?

Since women are so full of worth,
Let them all praised be;
For commendation they deserve
In ampler wise than we.

* He might have added,
"Why are the *Muses* every one," &c.

There is great delicacy in the following lines :—

To guard that virtue, to supply the place
Of courage wanting in her gentle race,
Lo, modesty was given, mysterious spell,
Whose blush can shame, whose panic can repel :
Strong, by the very weakness it betrays,
It sheds a mist before our fiery gaze.
The panting apprehension, quick to feel,
The shrinking grace that fain would grace conceal ;
The beautiful rebuke that looks surprise,
The gentle vengeance of averted eyes ;
These are its arms, and these supreme prevail.

* * * * *

Ask the grey pilgrim by the surges east
On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast,
Ask who revived him ? who the hearth began
To kindle ? who with spilling goblet ran ?
O he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his withered hands and woman name.

This recalls forcibly to our recollection the pathetic little song of the Duchess of Devonshire on the hospitality of a negro woman to the enterprising traveller Mungo Park :—

The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast ;
He sat him down beneath the tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he :
But ah ! no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

* * * * *

The storm is o'er—the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hushed the blast :
The wind is heard in whispers low :
The white man far away must go ;
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

Ledyard also beautifully eulogizes the fair sex in his verses, entitled “The Character of Women ;” he tells us that they are—

“ Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy ever prone ;
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town, and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst—with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave ;
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
What cordial in the simple wave !

Her courteous looks—her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul ;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing
From sultry India to the Pole !”

Surely Mr. Barrett has never seen these lines, or he would not have asserted, that woman has found

champion in the field of English poetry.” Certainly no one ever advocated her cause so *effectually* as he has done in the poem before us ; but we will continue our extracts.—After describing the difference of the pursuits and characteristics of each sex, he goes on to show that women excel us in devotion, chastity, modesty, charity, good faith, forgiveness, and parental affection ; and enumerates the various arts and attractions which give them so strong an ascendancy over us.

She by reserve and awful meekness reigns ;
Her sighs are edicts, her caresses, chains.
Why has she tones with speaking music strung ?
Eyes, eloquent beyond the mortal tongue ?
And looks that vanquish, till, on nerveless knee,
Men gaze, and grow with gazing, weak as she ?
’Tis to command these arts against our arms,
And tame imperious might with winning charms.

* * * * *

But can all earth excel that crimson grace,
When her heart sends its herald to her face ?
Sends from its ark its own unbiemish'd dove,
A messenger of joy, of truth, of love !
Her blush can man to modest passion fire,
Her blush can awe his arrogant desire ;
Her blush can welcome lovers, or can warn,
As ruddy skies announce both night and morn.

p. 48.

We wonder it should not have occurred to our author to place woman in the most interesting situation possible, by representing her as the sweet soother of our cares amid the storms of adversity, and ready to endure deep and protracted anguish for the sake of the object beloved. These beautiful lines from Marmion might have furnished him with the hint—

“ Oh Woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !”

Or these from Dodsley's fragment, entitled “The Wife,”

Does fortune smile, how grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love !
Or does she frown ? the fair with softening art
Will soothe our woes, or bear a willing part.

We shall conclude by the following extracts, which, we will venture to affirm, are not often excelled in the compass of modern poetry.

There is a language by the virgin made,
Not read, but felt, not uttered, but betrayed ;
A mute communion, yet so wond'rous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows,
In one short glance whole volumes it avows ;
In one short moment tells of many days,
In one short speaking silence all conveys.
Joy, sorrow, love recounts, hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear.
Oh 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind,
Were eyes† melodious, and could music shower
From orient rays new striking on a flower,
Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,
And angels own the language of the skies. p. 81.

There is much of the pathetic tenderness of Byron in this passage. The next will be found very strongly to resemble the elegant simplicity of Goldsmith.

Light specks of fleecy gold bestrew the skies,
The dewy ox is on his knee to rise ;
The mist rolls off in eddies—smokes begin
From opening eots, and all is still within.
The pastoral family due task prepare
For whetted scythe, the milk pail, and the share ;
And haste where lark and zephyr, rill and bee,
Mix harmless their primeval minstrelsy.
One damsel chuckles shrill ; her cackling train
Run with spread pinions, and dispute the grain :
Another up her rested pitcher heaves,
Encamps small heaps of hay, or girdles sheaves :
Else spinning pats her busy foot, and trills
Some dittied plaint about a love that kills.
The laden wife meantime to market goes,
Or underneath the hawthorn knits her hose ;
Or lays moist kerchiefs on the sunny grass,
Or checks her pottage billowing o'er the brass ;
While clatter'd plates, and roots in hurry peeled,
Announce her good man trudging from the field. p. 94.

The poem concludes with an invocation, of which the following is a part:

Oh, give me, Heaven ! to sweeten latter life,
And mend my wayward heart, a tender wife,
Who soothes me, tho' herself with anguish wrung,
Nor renders ill for ill, nor tongue for tongue ;
Sways by persuasion, kisses off my frown,
And reigns, unarm'd, a queen without a crown.
Alike to please me, her accomplished hand
The harp and homely needle can command ;
And learning with such grace her tongue applies,
Her very maxims wear a gay disguise.
Neat for my presence, as if princes came ;
And modest, e'en to me, with bridal shame ;
A friend, a playmate, as my wishes call,
A ready nurse, though summoned from a ball ;
She holds in eye that conquest youth achiev'd,
Loves without pomp, and pleases unperceiv'd.

Wishing Mr. B. such a wife, we take our leave of him, sincerely hoping to

† For this thought see a note in Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos*.

meet him again ere long, and once more to have an opportunity of offering to the world our testimony of his merits.

From the Literary Gazette, Aug. 1819.

ANECDOTES.

When the French minister Valory took leave of Frederic the Great, he asked him by what the King his master could do his Prussian Majesty a pleasure ? "By a second revocation of the Edict of Nantes," answered Frederic.

A person of the name of Millot wrote a book which he called "*Megantropogénésie, or the Art of procreating wise Children.*" 'Tis a pity, said R. that the author's father did not understand this art.

Specimen of ambiguous writing, from one of the London Newspapers.

—"The East India Company, when it is refined, sell saltpetre in the English market for 2l. 4s. 6d. the cwt.

From the same.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

M. C. Hallascka, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Prague, has published a description of the effects of an *Air Spout* (so he calls it in contradistinction to *Water Spout*) which happened on the 10th of May, on the estate of Prince Joseph Von Lobkowitz. After three weeks continuation of a degree of heat very uncommon in April, and during which the sky was constantly serene, a natural phenomenon, of a singular and terrible description, took place in the state of Gistebnitz, near the town of the same name, in the Circle of Tabor. On the 10th of May (Whitsunday,) about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the sky being perfectly clear, thunder clouds suddenly rose in the East, which rapidly enveloped the whole East and South of the heavens. The West and North sides of the horizon remained unclouded, and the heat of the sun continued to be very oppressive. About 5 o'clock the West wind became more violent, and rapidly alternated with the East, so that violent conflicts between the two winds was perceived, which is shewn also by the direction in which the corn is laid. During this conflict there was formed among the clouds, which grew blacker, and through where the lightning flashed, a dark opaque pillar (or Air Spout), the diameter of which was above 20 fathoms, and which rose in a whirlwind from the earth to the clouds, which hung very low. The Air Spout thus formed, committed dreadful ravage in the fields, carrying with it in its course, or scattering all around, stones, sand, and earth, and continued its progress, with a hollow sound, towards the East. By the refraction and reflection of the sun's rays falling from the West on the pillar of dust, it looked like a column of fire that reddened the clouds. Thunder claps being heard at the same time, the inhabitants of the neighbouring places

hastened to the spot with fire engines. A mile from the fields of Kriwoschin, where, properly speaking, the terrible scene began, the fiery column stopped over a fallow field, and began to rage. This terrible pillar of fire revolved with incredible rapidity in a circle, sometimes horizontally, sometimes vertically, shot forth red scorching beams, and furrowed the ground, which it tore up, and with it stones several pounds in weight, which it hurled, whizzing like sky-rockets, into the air. This lasted about 15 minutes. A silvery stripe, in the shape of a tunnel, the point of which was turned towards the earth, was now formed in the middle of this Air Spout, which began at its top, and almost reached the centre. This silvery stripe contracted itself several times, and at last entirely disappeared. After this phenomenon, which had continued almost three quarters of an hour, the Air Spout again began to move forward, and, in the back ground, a splendid rainbow appeared, which formed, as it were, a bridge over the colossal pillar. Meantime vivid lightning and constant thunder issued from the clouds, which were partly black, and partly reddened by the fiery pillar. The phenomenon, which much resembled a volcano, then proceeded slowly to the Galgenberg, near Gisthenitz, from which the observers were driven by a shower of sand and stones.

Here the fiery phenomenon was changed into a cloud of dust, which proceeded from

this mountain to Gisthenitz, where it unroofed the buildings, broke and uprooted fruit trees, and scorched the leaves of the trees as it passed by. A shower of sand, clods of earth, branches of trees, corn, wood, boards, and stones, threw the inhabitants of Gisthenitz into the greatest consternation, which was naturally augmented by the increasing terrors of the lightning, thunder, and torrents of hail that succeeded. This torrent of the largest hail did great damage in its progress over Boratin, Kamenalhotta, Gisthenitz, and Woparzan. The little town of Bernatitz has suffered the most, as not only all the corn is destroyed, but all the roofs and windows dashed to pieces by the lumps of ice, weighing from two to three pounds, which fell in incredible quantities. At the same time there fell in the Lordship of Kaunitz, in the Circle of Kaurym, such a prodigious quantity of hail, that all the ditches and hollow places were full on the fifth day after. At Prague we saw, towards the East, the dreadfully black clouds which threatened a destructive tempest, but did not affect us. The barometer fell the succeeding days much below the mean height of the mercury. The temperature of the air gradually cooled, so that the thermometer of Reaumur at sunrise, on the 31st of May, was only 3 degrees of heat. This Air Spout is, in the chief particulars, like that which was observed on the 30th of August, 1806, at Palma-Nova in the Venetian Frioul.

USEFUL ARTS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

PATENT LATELY ENROLLED.

To Philip Taylor, of Bromley, Middlesex; for a Method of applying the Heat of Steam in the Operations of Boiling, Distilling, &c.

THE inventions hitherto offered to the distiller have generally had for their object some one of the following advantages:—

- To reduce the consumption of fuel;
- To enable the distiller to work with greater rapidity;
- To guard against accidents from boiling over;
- To prevent the injurious effect of fire on the wash or other fluid subjected to distillation.

In attaining some one or two of these advantages, others of equal or greater importance have always been sacrificed; or the stills have been rendered difficult to manage, and not at all suited to operations on a large scale. The plan now proposed is free from these objections, and will be found to combine the foregoing advantages with several others of considerable value.

Mr. Taylor's mode of applying heat

is found very economical as to the consumption of fuel; the saving generally amounts to one third, and in some cases even more.

As the vessels or stills are not exposed to the destructive action of the fire, they are not liable to wear out; they are more easily cleaned; and may be made of any material capable of containing the boiling fluid. It being necessary to surround them with brick work, much expense is saved; and, from their occupying less room, a far more convenient arrangement of them can be made. The buildings in which such vessels are placed need not be lofty; neither fireplace nor ash-pit being required under them, they may stand but little elevated from the ground.

In the distillation of spirits, essential oils, simple waters, vinegar, &c. the improvement in flavour and quality will be found very considerable; at the same time that a larger product may be obtained, from its being possible to continue the operation until the last portions are drawn over, without risk of injuring the still.

The same important advantages will be found in boiling and evaporating all kinds of vegetable, oily, or saline substances; and any operation requiring a heat considerably above that of boiling water may be performed with certainty and safety. It is particularly applicable to many chemical operations, and various other branches of business; such as soap-boiling, salt-refining, dyeing, tallow-melting, chandling, &c.

Then follows a description of the apparatus for boiling sugar and distilling rum by the heat of steam:—the *steam-boiler* may be placed in any small building adjoining either the boiling-house or the still-house. It is represented in an engraving accompanying Mr. Taylor's pamphlet, as placed in the shed which covers the fire-places of the *teaches*,* &c. now generally used. The fire-place of the steam-boiler, constructed to burn cane-trash, wood, or coals, according to the situation in which it is to be employed. The *mercurial guage*, which at the same time shows the state of the steam in the boiler, and provides for its escape long before it can attain a pressure which would incur risk. The *safety-valve*, through which any superfluous steam passes off. The float guage, indicating the quantity of water in the boiler, and pointing out when it requires to be supplied. A cast-iron box rivetted to the boiler, containing a *perfect safety-valve*, which limits the pressure of the steam in the boiler, and is so secured as to be inaccessible to the workmen.

The boiler may be supplied with water by a pump worked by hand or attached to the steam-engine; or an apparatus is furnished, if desired, which feeds the boiler without labour or machinery. In either case, the water for this purpose is drawn from a cistern placed over the fire-flue at the end of the boiler; and, by returning the condensed water from the boiling and distilling apparatus into the cistern, heat and labour are economised. The principle on which the steam-boiler is constructed, the mode in which it is executed both as to material and work-

manship, and the arrangement of its appendages, are such as to obviate every danger from mismanagement, or from its wearing out by long use.

The following vessels are attached to the steam-boiler for boiling sugar and distilling rum:—*Two clarifiers*, each holding 500 gallons. They are placed at an elevation allowing of their being supplied with cane-juice from the mill. The index cocks regulate the heat admitted into the *steam coils* placed at the bottom of the clarifiers;—there are likewise two cocks to carry off the condensed water. Large cocks are inserted in the clarifiers to draw off the clarified cane-juice into the grand evaporator. Openings with screw-plugs are also provided to discharge the impurities which settle at the bottom of the clarifiers, and render these vessels easy to clean. A scum funnel and pipe is attached to receive and carry off the scummings. The *grand evaporator*, capable of containing 620 gallons. The index cock, by which heat is admitted into the *steam coil* of the grand evaporator, and by which the rate of boiling is regulated. A discharging valve, opened and closed with a lever handle, empties the contents of the grand evaporator into the second evaporator in a few minutes. The *second evaporator*, capable of containing 380 gallons, furnished with *steam coil*, regulating cocks, scum-funnel, and a discharging valve with lever handle, by which the *teache* can be supplied with syrup. The *teache*, containing 145 gallons, provided with *steam coil* and regulating cocks, by which the boiling of the sugar is completed. The sugar when boiled to its proper proof can be drawn off into the coolers by means of a cock in the *teache*.

The whole of the apparatus is supported on a handsome and substantial frame work of cast iron, with steps and platforms conveniently placed to get at the various vessels. Two stills, capable of working 500 gallons each, provided with copper heads, man-holes, and discharging cocks and index cocks, by which heat is admitted to the *steam coils* placed in the stills, and by adjust-

* The name of the pans used for boiling sugar in the West-Indies.

ing which the rate of their working is regulated.

These stills may be used with a common worm or with the patent refrigerator, by means of which distillation may be carried on without requiring water for condensation, and with great economy of time, heat, and labour.

This apparatus takes very little room, and is not liable to be out of repair, the stills and refrigerator may be placed in distinct buildings, and yet be heated by the same steam-boiler. The following advantages will be found to result from the adoption of this apparatus:—The vessels employed are not

liable to wear out. Their first cost and the expense of erecting them are much less than of those in present use. Labour, fuel, and time, are most materially economised by this mode of working. The quality and quantity of the sugar produced will be improved and increased. The flavour of the rum distilled by the heat of steam will be finer and cleaner than that which has been exposed to the action of fire. No substance is more liable to be wasted or spoiled during its manufacture than sugar; and it is beyond the reach of art to remedy the most common injuries done to it.

FALLING STONES FROM THE MOON.

From the London Monthly Magazine, August 1818.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

IN Mr. Brande's interesting Lectures on Mineralogical Chemistry, he lately introduced the following observations on meteoric stones. We do not, however, agree with him in the theory of their origin, for many reasons; but we will name one of a conclusive nature—viz. that, if they came from the moon, they could never fall beyond the parallel of twenty-seven or twenty-eight degrees of north or south latitude.

The first tolerably accurate narration (says Mr. Brande,) of the fall of a meteoric stone, relates to that of Ensisheim, near Basle, upon the Rhine. The account which is deposited in the church was thus:—A. D. 1492, Wednesday, 7 November, there was a loud clap of thunder, and a child saw a stone fall from heaven; it struck into a field of wheat, and did no harm, but made a hole there. The noise it made was heard at Lucerne, Villing, and other places; on the Monday, King Maximilian ordered the stone to be brought to the castle, and, after having conversed about it with the noblemen, said the people of Ensisheim should hang it up in their church, and his royal excellency strictly forbade any body to take any thing from it. *His excellency, however, took two pieces himself, and sent another to Duke Sigismund of Austria.* This stone weighed 255 lbs.

In 1727, 27th November, the celebrated Gassendi saw a burning stone fall on Mount Vaisir, in Provence; he found it to weigh 59lbs.

In 1672, a stone fell near Verona, weighing 300lbs. And Lucas, when at Larissa, 1706, describes the falling of a stone, with a loud hissing noise, and smelling of sulphur.

In September, 1753, De Lalande witnessed this extraordinary phenomenon, near Pont de Vesli. In 1768, no less than three stones fell in different parts of France. In 1790, there was a shower of stones near Agen, witnessed by Mr. Darcet, and several other respectable persons. And on the 18th of December 1795, a stone fell near Major Topham's house in Yorkshire; it was seen by a ploughman and two other persons, who dug it out of the hole it had buried itself in; it weighed 56lbs.

We have various other, and equally satisfactory, accounts of the same kind. All concur in describing a luminous meteor moving through the air in a more or less oblique direction, attended by a hissing noise, and the fall of stony and semi-metallic masses, in a state of ignition. We have, however, evidence of another kind, amply proving the peculiarities of these bodies. It is, that, although they have fallen in very different countries, and at distant periods,

when submitted to chemical analysis, they all agree in component parts ; the metallic particles being composed of nickel and iron ; the earthy of silex and magnesia.

Large masses of native iron have been found in different parts of the world, of the history and origin of which nothing very accurate is known. Such are the great block of iron at Elbogen in Bohemia ; the large mass discovered by Pallas, weighing 1600lbs. near Krasnojark, in Siberia : that found by Goldberry, in the great desert of Zahra, in Africa ; probably also that mentioned by Mr. Barrow, on the banks of the Great Fish river in southern Africa ; and those noticed by Bruce, Bougainville, Humboldt, and others in America, of enormous magnitude, exceeding thirty tons in weight. That these should be of the same source as the other meteoric stones seems at first to startle belief ; but, when they are submitted to analysis, and the iron they contain found alloyed by nickel, it no longer seems credulous to regard them as of meteoric origin. We find nothing of the kind in the earth.

To account for these uncommon visitations of metallic and lapideous bodies, a variety of hypotheses have been suggested.

Are they merely earthly matter fused by lightning ? Are they the offspring of any terrestrial volcano ? These were once favourite notions ; but we know of no instance in which similar bodies have in that way been produced, nor do the lavas of known volcanos in the least resemble those bodies, to say nothing of the inexplicable projectile force that would here be wanted. This is merely explaining what is puzzling, by

assuming what is impossible ; and the persons who have taken up this conjecture, have assumed one impossibility to account for what they conceive to be another ; namely, that the stony bodies should come from any other source than our own globe.

The notion that these bodies come from the moon, though it has been laughed at as lunacy, is, when impartially considered, neither absurd nor impossible. It is quite true, that the quiet way in which they visit us is against such an origin ; it seems, however, that any power which would move a body 6000 feet in a second, that is, about three times the velocity of a cannon-ball, would throw it from the sphere of the moon's attraction into that of our earth. The cause of this projective force may be a volcano, and, if thus impelled, the body would reach us in about two days, and enter our atmosphere with a velocity of about 25,000 feet in a second. Their ignition may be accounted for, either by supposing the heat generated by their motion in our atmosphere sufficient to ignite them, or by considering them as combustibles, ignited by the mere contact of air.

While we are considering the possibility of these considerations, it may be remembered that, in the great laboratory of the atmosphere, chemical changes may happen, attended by the production of iron and other metals ; that, at all events, such a circumstance is within the range of possible occurrences ; and that the meteoric bodies, which thus salute the earth with stony showers, may be children of the air, created by the union of simpler forms of matter.

INTELLIGENCE :

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL : WITH CRITICAL REMARKS.

From the London Monthly Magazine, Aug. 1818.

IT has been our rare fortune, in the progress of this miscellany, to be the harbingers of the various important discoveries which, during the last twenty-five years, have done honour to the genius of man. Notwithstanding the lofty pretensions of learned bodies and societies, we have, with few exceptions, been the first to draw these discoveries from obscurity, and exhibit to the world their claims in a clear and popular manner ; and

it is our glory, in regard to several of them, that, in recommending them, we have often stood alone, and have generally been opposed by contemporary journalists, and not unfrequently by professors of science. We have now to announce another application of philosophy to the arts of life, so pregnant with advantages, and so extensive in its purposes, as to threaten an entire revolution in the economy and formation of our domestic es-

tablishments. In the Number for April last, we introduced the details of a system of warming houses, by means of the steam generated in a small boiler, worked in any out-building, and conveyed by pipes to hollow-sided cylinders placed in the rooms of a house; and we stated in such clear terms the advantages of this elegant mode of propagating heat, that the work-shops engaged in the manufactories have had more orders than they can execute. The experiments made in the course of these erections have, however, determined a fact which cannot fail to lead to a great extension of the system. It appears that steam, conveyed in pipes nearly half a mile in length, has suffered at the extremity no sensible diminution of heat; consequently, hot steam may be diffused for purposes of heating houses, in a radius from the boiler of at least half a mile; and perhaps even of two, three, or more miles. Here then is a principle by which heat may be conveyed from a public boiler or magazine, where it is generated, to any desirable distance; and thence may be conveyed into houses for the purpose of keeping the rooms at any temperature, just as gas for light, or water for culinary purposes, is now conveyed into them. We thus divest ourselves at once of coal or wood fires, of all their smoke, filth, and dangers; and also of chimnies, grates, and their accessories. In cost, the ratio is very high in favour of the heat of steam, as ten to one, and twenty to one, according to circumstances. In effective heat, in wholesomeness, in enjoyment, and in luxury, there can be no comparison. Thus a bushel of refuse coal and cinders, costing eight-pence or a shilling, will boil a copper for fifteen hours, and generate steam enough to keep ten or twelve rooms at a uniform and equally diffused temperature of sixty or seventy degrees. Of course it is the same whether these rooms are in one house, six houses, or twelve houses;* and hence the incalculable advantages of this application of steam. Houses, manufactories, schools, churches, hamlets, villages, cities, and even the great metropolis itself, may thus be heated from one or many boilers, or from one or many stations, as may be most convenient. Smoke, the nuisance of towns, will thus at once be exterminated; because that which is generated at the public boilers may easily be consumed, or condensed. We thus also clear society of the stigma and the crimes of chimney-sweeping; and diminish the hazards and the horrors of those conflagrations which are as dangerous to our property as our lives. In fine, we expect that these observations will, in due time, have the effect of rendering *Steam-heating Societies* as general, as popular, and as lucrative, as *Gas-lighting Societies*; and we hope, in consequence, to witness, in the universal success of both, a great-

* It is proved, by experiment, that every superficial foot of a metallic hollow cylinder will heat 250 cubic feet of air, at 60°, 70°, or 80°, as may be desirable. A cylinder, four feet high, and sixteen inches diameter, that is, having sixteen feet on the inside, will therefore heat 8000 cubic feet of air, or a room thirty feet square and nine feet high. It appears, also, that one small boiler will keep four such cylinders at 70° of heat; and, therefore, will heat twelve rooms, that are eighteen feet square, and eight feet high.

er triumph of philosophy than philosophers themselves have ever contemplated.

Mr. W. Aust, of Gray's-Inn Road, has invented an instrument for freeing the shaft horse when fallen with a loaded cart. The instrument consists of the simple addition to the common props of the cart, of an iron bar and hook, about half their length, attached to the top of each prop, and a bent iron prong at the bottom, to prevent their slipping; the props are strengthened with an iron ferule at each end.

The Oolite, or freestone, found at Bath, is very soft and porous, is easily penetrated by, and absorbs a considerable quantity of, water. It has of late been formed into wine-coolers and butter-jars, in place of the common biscuit ware, and, from the facility with which the water passes through it, so as to admit of evaporation at the surface, it succeeds very well. But the most ingenious application of this stone is in the formation of circular pyramids, having a number of grooves cut one above the other on its surface; these pyramids are soaked in water, and a small hole made in the centre filled; salad seed is then sprinkled in the grooves, and, being supplied with water from the stone, vegetates; and, in the course of some days, produces a crop of salad ready to be placed on the table. The hole should be filled with water daily, and, when one crop is plucked, the seeds are brushed out and another sown.

The number of persons executed for Forgery, in England, from 1790 to 1818, is 146!

Mr. Samuel Young's second publication of *Minutes of Cases of Cancer*, at the Cancer Institution, instituted by the late Mr. Whitbread, merit the notice of the entire body of the faculty; and to the afflicted they will recommend themselves. To the cases Mr. Young has added an appendix, containing a reprint of his valuable dissertation on the nature and action of cancer, with a view to a regular mode of cure, which was first published in 1805.

Mr. Birkbeck's *Letters from the Illinois* are characterized by the same good sense and benevolence as his former productions. Nothing but courage to undertake the voyage appears to be necessary to enable any family, which is not quite devoured by taxes, tythes, and high rents, to settle in social security, as freeholders, in the most genial climate and most productive soil on the globe. The two last no country possesses in more enviable degrees than England; but, alas! the passions of wicked ministers, and of the borough-faction, have destroyed the bounties of Heaven. It remains to be seen, whether the unmanageable minority will be able to enforce a more just and rational policy, so as to keep our industrious population at home: if not, then we fear the political liberty of the two Americas will draw from us our life's best blood, in hundreds, and even thousands, of such nobles of nature as Mr. Birkbeck. All Europe, indeed, without an entire regeneration of its social and political system, must, from the operation of the same cause, soon become a mere *caput mortuum*, like modern Greece, or Asia Minor. According to Mr. B. in this land of Canaan, land sells at the rate of two dollars an acre; wheat is 3s. 4d. per bushel; and beef and pork 2d. per pound. The soil is fertile and easy of tillage

there is nothing to be deducted from the profits for poor-rates, tythes, or rent; and the taxes amount to about one farthing per acre. At the end of fourteen years, the stock of a proprietor will be accumulated, and the worth of his estate increased, and no renewal wanted: besides, the capital required by an English farmer, at least doubles that required by an Illinois proprietor. For about half the capital required for the cultivation of worn-out soils in England, a man may establish himself as a proprietor there, with every comfort, and the certainty of establishing his children as well or better than himself. To labouring people, and to mechanics, this country seems to afford every opportunity to obtain comfort and independence, with the certainty of escape from the calamities both of war and peace,—from oppression and taxation. The government imposes no taxes, and the whole system of internal taxation has been abolished by a late law, which, at the same time, decreed a large sum for canals, bridges, &c. *Mon. Mag.*

The Journal of a Residence in Iceland, during the years 1814 and 1815, by Ebenezer Henderson, D. D. a missionary from the Bible Society,—bears the most ample evidences of his zeal. Where the researches of his predecessors do not furnish Dr. Henderson with data of theories, he exhibits a wonderful degree of assurance in getting out of his depth: that is to say, to get footing in the credulity of his reader, by torturing into his journal some verse of his Bible, or some shred of poetic rodomontade. Dr. Henderson calls his journal, "My Assemblage of Wonders;" and, truly, he makes it marvelously edifying, by illustrating many parts of the sacred writers, from the volcanic mountains, herds of rein-deer, hot-springs, the Aurora Borealis, and Scandinavian poetry. Nothing can be more ridiculous than many of the titles of the poems which compose the *prosodiacal Edda*, or *teacher*. One of these sublime and reverend pieces is, "A dialogue between Thor and the ferryman Harbard, who would not, on any account, row him across a river:" another treats of "a visit from Thor and Tyn to the giant Hyrmir, in order to procure from this last gentleman, "a kettle in which to feast the gods;" and another is a song about "a hand-mill, in which two giant girls were wont to grind gold," for his Majesty of Denmark, King Torda.

Ibid.

There are a number of modern Greeks pursuing their studies at Munich, Wurtzburgh, Gottingen, Jena, and other German Universities. At Wurtzburgh, one of the students is son to a *Prince of Epirus*. They purchase many books to take with them to their native country; and great effects may, we think, be anticipated from this importation of enlightening literature, as well as from the acquisition of knowledge in the politics and science of Europe.

LADY MORGAN is at present in London superintending the printing of her new work entitled "*Florence Macarthy*." It is another national tale, belonging, it is said, to present times and manners.

Dr. Jacob, demonstrator of anatomy in the University of Dublin, has discovered and demonstrated in his lectures on the diseases

of the eye, this spring, a membrane covering the external surface of the retina in man and other animals.

Miss Thurtle's *History of France, from the earliest Periods to the second Return of Louis XVIII.*—is a book constructed with ability, for the use of young persons.

M. de Chateaubriand's three first volumes of the *History of France* are, it is said, on the eve of publication.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT, AUG. 1818.

The charm is dissolved, a reaction has succeeded, and, in despite of the *ice islands*, and the conjectures of the learned, we have at length and in turn enjoyed a summer as high in temperature as any, or most of those, which used to warm our ancestors. Harvest commenced, some ten days or a fortnight since, in the south-western counties, and will soon become general. The long-continued drought has greatly injured all the crops,—wheat, it is to be hoped, least of all, as most able to endure drought, and generally productive in dry seasons. In some, perhaps many, parts, the wheat will be undoubtedly a great crop; in others, middling, below an average; and, upon scalding gravels, and weak and arid soils, the produce will be light. The wheat plant has been universally tinged with *mucor*, in consequence of atmospheric vicissitude and drought; and considerable quantities of blighted and smutted wheat may be expected. The whole of the spring crops—barley, oats, beans, peas, will be short, throughout England; in some parts, the barley will barely return seed. On the other hand, letters from various districts in Scotland represent barley and oats as probable to be the best crops, the wheats not promising to reach an average. Hay, of every species, well got, but universally light; and green food never more scarce, affording a cheerless prospect for winter. They who, having land well adapted, stocked it with *lucerne*, will have ample reason to applaud their foresight and economy. Little progress has been yet made in turnip sowing, for want of rain; and great part of the plants, already above ground, have perished, with the exception of some of the northern counties, where some showers having opportunely fallen, large breadths of turnips have been sown, and are in a healthy and flourishing state. Hops and fruit, particularly the orchard fruits, promise to be most abundant, equal to the most productive seasons; pears and plums are said to be exceptions. Many hop plantations are as clean and pure, in leaf and bine, as the oldest planter has witnessed. The potatoe crop greatly in want of rain. The weather has been extremely favourable for the sheep-shearing, and the *clip* will be most valuable, as wool is perhaps higher in price than ever known before, and still apparently advancing. Both fat cattle and lean somewhat lower; stores considerably so, on account of the want of food. Pigs scarce and dear. Milch and in-calf cows greatly in request; and horses, of good quality, at extremely high prices. The demand from abroad for English well-bred mares has been greater, within the last twelve months, than ever before experienced.

POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette.

We are tempted by the beauty of our Poetical contributions this day, to point particular notice to the following pieces.

THE STAR.

HOW brilliant on the Ethiop brow of
Night
Beams yon fix'd Star! whose intermitting
blaze,
Like Woman's changeful eye, now shuns our
gaze,
Then sparkles forth in loveliness of light.
Still-twinkling speck! thou seemest to my
sight
In size a spangle on the Tyrian stole
Of Majesty, 'mid hosts more mildly bright,
Altho' of worlds the centre and the soul!
Sure 'twas a thing for Angels to have seen,
When God did hang those lustres thro' the
sky---
Suns, fountains of life! and Darkness sought to
screen
With dusky wing her dazed and haggared
eye---
In vain, for, pierced with myriad shafts, she
died;
And now her timid Ghost dares only brood
O'er Planets in their midnight solitude---
Doom'd all the day in Ocean's caves to hide.
Thou burning Axle of a star-verged Wheel!
Dost thou afflict the Beings of thy ray
With feelings such as earth-born Wretches
feel---
Pride, passion, hate, distrust and agony?
Do any weep o'er blighted hopes---or curse
The hour thy light first usher'd them to life?
Doth Malice, keener than Assassin's knife,
Stab in the dark? or seeming friendship,
worse---
Skill'd round the heart with serpent coil to
wind---
Forsake and leave his sleepless sting behind?
No! if I deem'd it I should cease to look
Beyond the scene where thousands know
those ills;
Nor longer read that brightly-letter'd book
Which heaven unfolds---whose page of beauty
fills
The breast with hope of an immortal lot,
When tears are dried, and injuries forgot!
Oh! when the soul, no longer earthward
weigh'd,
Exults tow'rd heaven on swift seraphic wing--
Among the joys past man's imagining,
It may be one to scan, o'er space display'd,
Those wond'rous works our blindness now
debars---
The awful secrets written in the Stars!

THE COMET.

Regnorum eversor rubuit lethale COMETES.

BEHOLD! amidst yon wilderness of stars
(Angels and bright-eyed deities, that
guard
The inner skies, whilst the Sun sleeps by night)
Is one unlike the rest---mishapen---red---

And wandering from its golden course. It
seems

Some spirit from the nether world bath 'scaped
Heaven's vigilance, and mixed with purer
forces

To work there deeds of evil. If Sybils now
Breathed their dark oracles, or nations bent,
As once they bent, before Apollo's shrine,
And owned the frenzied priestess' auguries,
What might not this portend?---Changes, and
acts

Of fear, and bloody massacres---perchance
Some sudden end to this fair-formed creation--
Or half the globe made desolate. Behold!
It glares---how like an omen. If that I
Could for a time forget myself in fable,
(Indian or Heathen storied) I could fancy
This were indeed some spirit, 'scaped by
chance

From torments in the central earth, and flung
Like an eruption from the thundering breast
Of Aetna, or those mighty hills that stand
Like giants on the Quito plains, to spread
Contagion thro' the skies. Thus Satan once
Sprang up adventurous from Hell's blazing
porch;

And (like a stream of fire) winged his fierce
way

Ambiguous---undismayed---thro' frightful
wastes,

To where, amidst the jarring elements,
Stern Chaos sat, and everlasting Night
Held her dominion---yet even there he found
The way to Eden. But away such thoughts,
Lest I, bewildered by my phantasy,
Dream of dark ills to come, and dare believe
(Shutting my eyes against the gracious light
Now given) that the Eternal Power can sleep
While mischief walks the world. B.

THE MOON.

IL FRENETICO.

MY mind is full of many wanderings,
Past thoughts, that come like shadows
from their graves,
Dissolving as we clasp them,---sudden sounds,
That have no touch of earthly minstrelsy,
But seem to fall bathed in the honey dews,
And soft as star-light--- Yet within the brain,
Waking strange fantasies, and then they fly,
And leave me feeding on my melancholy.
Twilight is gone at last, and night is come,
To torture me. And now its herald wind
Comes gushing chilly thro' my prison bars.
I hate thee! yet thou'rt lovely to Earth's
slaves:
To the tired sea-boy nestling in the shrouds;--
The soldier loves thee, weary from his march,
And longing to ungird his harnessry;
The o'erlabour'd peasant feels thee full of life,
And thy dim clouds stoop down, a covering
Of genial slumber on his quiet bed.
But to the brain of visions, to torn hearts
Mouldering, like embers that yet feed their
flame,
Mother of spectres, thou'rt a fearful thing.

But light is stealing dimly thro' my cell,
Streak upon streak, like ebony-lined.
The Moon has risen. How glorious thro'
the clouds

She sweeps her way, a bark magnificent,
Careering lonely thro' a silver sea,
Now the white billows hides her-- now she rolls
Free thro' a sapphire depth, anon a ring
Swells round her, swiftly tinged with widen-
ing hues

Of watery pearl, and the white blowing rose,
As if her prow had plunged, and chased the
blue

Of that celestial ocean into foam.

I feel as if strong pinions on my feet
Were lifting me from earth.---I see the Moon
Expanding as I rise. 'Tis lovelier now,
Tho' seen but from mid air. Long emerald
hues

Mingled with purple, and the sapphire light
That beams from evening waters, image there
Bowers of bright beauty, solemn glades, soft
hills

Empurpled with the mantle of rich blooms
That know no time of fading, crystal lakes
Fanned but by musky gales those sweet buds
breathe.

Thou art no pilgrim-bark thro' heavenly seas;
But a soft lower Paradise, to soothe
The spirits of the innocent, ere they pass
Before the loftier throne. Here rest, sweet
babes [died,---

That looked but upon earth, and wept and
Maidsthat like may-dew shone, and were ex-
haled :---

High hearts that died of unrequited love,
As myrtle blossoms, dropt without a wind ;--
Disastrous patriots, fallen before they won
The desperate field,---their laurels pluck'd,
not wreath'd :---

Bards, that with nature's touch awoke the
harp, [graves
Yet won not the world's ear, till on their
That sweet harp echoed, drawing useless tears.

I've reach'd thee now. Thou art no Paradise,
Where injured Spirits brighten for high
Heaven,

Thou art a lonely throne ; thy canopy
Veils the resplendent Angel of our world.
A thousand seraphs in their circles wait
On Him, the Servant of a mightier One.
Some he commands to wheel in holy watch
Around the globe, some from their plumes to
pour

The harvest blooms of gold, some to drop dew
And odours on the shrub, and springing flower,
Some to tint beauty's cheek, or lunn the clouds
With light of gems, and blushes of the morn.
But in his own high hand he holds the reins
That rule the Ocean. Still I see him not,
So deep a veil is round his kingly tent,
Flashing thick brilliance like a web of stars.
It opens. Thou bright satter on that throne !
My spirit sinks before thee, as the night
Before the morn.---'Tis not the diadem
Floating in diamond fires upon thy brow,
Nor sceptre, tho' it glow with living light
Perpetual, pearly flame and lambent gold ;
I bend before thy power of loveliness.

He sits like one embosom'd in high thought,
His arm outstretch'd, and hand upon the globe
Of his fixed sceptre ; his eye gazing far
And forward, shooting out a calm, long blaze
Blue as the lightnings on the summer eve.

His locks are amber rays, that sparkling fall,
Parted, around his high, pure brow, and shade,
Clustering, the cheek, where flowers of Par-
adise

Mix with the splendours of the western Sun.
He stands, and his broad wings unfold above
In feathery light, pavilioning his state,
A silver canopy ; not without sound,
Nor fragrance, as they ruffle that sweet air ;
But followed with wild, sudden symphonies
That earthly harps know not ; and odorous
breath

Richer than myrtles and the Persian rose,
Crush'd, wreath'd and weeping, i'th' evening
dew. X.

THE SWORD SONG.

BY KÖRNER.

Those characteristics of poetry, in respect to style and imagery, most esteemed in one particular tongue, are not easy to be conveyed in a translation, without violating the rules of propriety fixed for the language into which the translation is made. There is great difficulty in avoiding, on one hand, the total annihilation of all that characterizes the foreign writer except his mere words, and on the other, of writing what may be almost deemed nonsense when given in a new dress, by too great a fidelity to the original : these extremes should be avoided in a good translation ; and herein consists the principal art of making one. It is not amiss, however, when the genius of a language will allow it, especially for the gratification of the curious reader, now and then to give a translation as near as possible in manner and spirit to the original, even when it may seem new and uncouth if compared to productions written in the vernacular tongue. The following wild and singular poem of the celebrated German poet Körner, entitled "The Sword Song," written a few hours only before he was killed, on the 25th of August, 1813, will exemplify this, and will no doubt interest those who are pleased with the bold imagery and the novelty of German poetry : it is rendered in every respect as near to the original as possible.

THOU sword upon my belted vest,
What means thy glittering polished
crest ?

Thou seem'st within my glowing breast
To raise a flame---Hurrah !

"A Horseman brave supports my blade,
The weapon of a freeman made ;
For him I shine, for him I'll wade
Thro' blood and death---Hurrah !"

Yes, my good sword, behold me free,
I fond affection bear to thee,
As though thou wert betrothed to me
My earliest bride---Hurrah !

"Soldier of Fortune, I am thine,
For thee alone my blade shall shine---
When, Soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Joined in the field ?---Hurrah !"

Soon as our bridal morn shall rise,
While the shrill trumpet's summons flies,
And the red cannon rends the skies,
We'll join our hands---Hurrah !

"O sacred union !---haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay---
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To be thy bride---Hurrah !"

Why cling'st thou in the scabbard---why?
Thou iron fair of destiny,
So wild---so fond of battle-cry,
Why cling'st thou so?---Hurrah!

"I hold myself in dread reserve,
Fierce---fond in battle-fields to serve,
The cause of freedom to preserve---
For this I wait---Hurrah!"

Rest---still in narrow compass rest---
Ere a long space thou shalt be blest,
Within my ardent grasp compressed---
Ready for fight---Hurrah!

"Oh let me not too long await---
I love the gory field of fate,
Where death's rich roses grow elate
In bloody bloom---Hurrah!"

Come forth! quick from thy scabbard fly,
Thou pleasure of the Soldier's eye---
Now to the scene of slaughter hie---
Thy native home---Hurrah!

"O glorious thus in nuptial tie,
To join beneath heaven's canopy---
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky,
Glitters your bride---Hurrah!"

Then out, thou messenger of strife,
Thou German soldier's plighted wife---
Who feels not renovated life
When clasping thee?---Hurrah!

When in thy scabbard on my side,
I seldom glanced on thee, my bride;
Now Heaven has bid us ne'er divide,
Forever joined---Hurrah!

Thee glowing to my lips I'll press,
And all my ardent vows confess---
O cursed be he, without redress,
Who thee forsakes---Hurrah!

Let joy sit in thy polished eyes,
While radiant sparkles flashing rise---
Our marriage-day dawns in the skies,
My Bride of Steel---Hurrah!

THE BLUNDER,

OR, THE DANGER OF NEW INVENTIONS.

(The idea taken from the French.)

An Epistle from Richard in Town to Robin in the Country.

DEAR ROBIN,

YOU must know cousin Straggle has
wander'd to Town,
Full of country conceit and of rustic renown;
Here he stares without wonder, applauds
without skill,
And takes his due rounds like a horse in a
mill.

He has pick'd up his notions and sticks to
his text,
And what he says one day repeats it the next,
He fancies 'tis good at the play not to laugh;
And when making a purchase, to give but
the half.

Of London he thinks that he knows all the
cheats,

And takes no civility met in the streets:---
Once in anger was going to knock a man
down,

Who saw that he'd dropt from his pocket a
[crown,
And who offer'd politely to give him his own!
But being thus threaten'd he let it alone.

Surprised by his visit last night at my tea,
When taking his seat and then slapping his
knee, [and a grin,
With a pause, which was held 'twixt a laugh
Ere yet he could venture his speech to begin--

"Why, my dear cousin Dick! I have had
such a go!--

I went to the rout the last evening, you know,
And a little time after the end of the dance,
I was lounging about, when I lit on a chance:
Would you guess it, dear boy! why the hand-
somest Lass

[glass.
Was taking a peep at your friend thro' her
But this is not all---for the fine things she said
Have not for a moment been out of my head:
Spoke in praise of my colour, commended
my shape,

[escape---
Said something of brightness, which made its
But the words of how lovely! how charming!
how sweet!

In accents of love 'twas my hap thus to meet.
Who can tell what emotions man thus flat-
ter'd feels?

[my heels;
I knew not which was upmost, my head or
Yet not to be wanting in playing my part,
I made my advances, my hand on my heart,
And attempted a speech---but it stuck in the
way,

And I found in the end I had nothing to say;
So dropping the hand which with courage I
took,

I made her my bow---but I gave such a look!
Then went to my lodgings and wrote her a
letter,

[better.
I scarce think our Parson or you could do
She's a very fine fortune, I took care of that,
So I think I have managed the business quite
pat."

"Yes, a pat on the head with a bullet may
show [owe,
How much to your wit this adventure you
For a rival in black, or a rival in red,
May soon let you know how your message
has sped.

Here---look through this tube, and perceive
what an ass [ing but glass!
You have made of yourself---she was prais-
So a truce to your visions of fancy and hope,
What you took to yourself, was her Kalei-
doscope."

But now, my dear Robin, the secret you'll
keep,
Or poor cousin Straggle may pay for the peep.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE ARTIST'S CHAMBER.

A SKETCH ON THE SPOT.

THE room was low and lone, but lingered
there,

In careless loveliness the marks of mind;
The page of chivalry, superb and drear,
Beside a half-filled vase of wine reclined,
Told how romance and gaiety combined.

And there, like things of immortality,
Stood Statues, in their master's soul enshrined,
VENUS, with the sweet smile and heavenly
eye,

And the sad, solemn beauty of pale NIOBE.

And scattered round, by wall and sofa lay
Emblems of thought, that loved from Earth
to spring.

Upon a portrait fell the evening ray,
Touching with splendour many an auburn
ring

That veil'd a brow of snow, and crimsoning
The cheek of beauty like an opening rose.
And there lay a guitar, whose silver string
Is murmuring, as the soft wind o'er it flows,
The tones it breath'd on Spanish hills at even-
ing's close.